





X-47512





+S.CECILIA+



The
Spirit of **P**raise
a collection of
HYMNS
Old and New



++DAVID.++



LONDON
F. WARNE AND CO.
NEW YORK, SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.





AMONG the departments of popular literature which have been made the subject of illustrated art books, the wide field of Hymnology has as yet been unrepresented. While collections of "Hymns" and of "Psalms and Hymns" for congregational use have been indefinitely multiplied, hardly a year passing without bringing its contribution to the general stock, the works of individual authors only have been selected from among the writers of sacred poetry for publication in an illustrated form. It is believed that the want has been frequently felt of a book of this kind, that shall fairly represent the various authors who, from the twelfth to the present century, have built up the beautiful temple of sacred song that stands forth as the ornament and pride of our English literature.

To supply that want has been the object of the present volume. How far that object has been attained the public must judge.

The commencement of the era of modern hymn writing is coincident with that of the Reformation, and, like the Reformation, is associated with the name of Martin Luther. The great German reformer, anxious to spread among the people the tidings of better things that had arisen, wrote thirty-seven sacred songs, some founded on the Psalms, like the celebrated "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*," others from old Latin hymns, others again from popular German songs, and not a few entirely original compositions. Thus he may be looked upon as the founder of congregational church singing; and in this, as in other departments of his work, he was assisted by the co-operation of a number of friends, and succeeded by many followers, such as Justus Jonas, Spengler, Kohler, Wehe, Mathesius, and others; and while the elders were thus enabled to express in song their belief and their aspirations, the younger lambs of the fold were not forgotten; witness the beautiful "Christmas Hymn for Children," written for the little ones by the great reformer himself.

The rise of Hymnology in England dates from a period considerably later. While the Latin hymns were banished from our churches,

Preface.

no attempt was made for a long time to supply their place by sacred songs in the language of the people; but in 1563 appeared "The Whole Book of Psalms: Collected into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and Others;" and the importance of this kind of literature as a vehicle of Christian instruction is recognized in the quaint old title-page, which announces that these songs are "set forth, and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening prayer; and also before and after sermons, and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort; laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads, which tend only to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth." With all its ruggedness and old-fashioned quaintness, this version of the old translators is not destitute of a certain grandeur, as in the following stanza:

"The Lord descended from above, and bowed the heavens high,
And round about His feet He threw the darkness of the sky:
On cherub and on cherubim right royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad."

The Elizabethan era was unfavourable to the development of hymn writing, and thus very few of the productions of that period have been incorporated into our collections. The style of writing was too fanciful and allegorical to obtain favour with the people generally, and this species of composition remained the elegant pastime of the few rather than the vehicle of instruction for the many. In the latter half of the seventeenth century Milton led the way, in a style combining massive grandeur with polished elegance, to a more general appreciation of the value of Hymnology; and in the eighteenth and the present centuries the subject has been worthily treated by writers whose genius was quickened by true piety and a fervent desire for the promotion of what was good and holy.

Such writers were Ken, the faithful-minded bishop, Cowper, the gifted poet, the fervent Watts, the earnest-hearted Wesleys, and a multitude of others.

This volume of selections from the treasures of British Hymnology is offered in the sincere hope that, as the before-mentioned quaint title-page has it, these hymns may be accepted in many "private houses, for their godly solace and comfort."





CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE CREATOR	1
PRAYER	17
THE LORD'S DAY	33
FAITH	51
HOPE	71
LOVE	83
JOY	95
PATIENCE	105
MORNING	113
EVENING	123
NIGHT	133
SEED-TIME AND HARVEST	143
THE OLD AND NEW YEAR	153
DEATH AND THE GRAVE	159
THE JUDGMENT	167
THE NATIVITY	173
BAPTISM	181
THE LORD'S SUPPER	187
THE PASSION OF OUR LORD	197
THE CRUCIFIXION	201
THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION	205
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST	217
HEAVEN	225
APPENDIX	241
INDEX	249



Praise ye the **L**ord. Sing unto the **L**ord
a new song, and **B**is praise in
the congregation of
saints.

Psalm cxxxv. 1.

The Creator.

Prayer.

The Lord's Day.

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Matthew, vi. 6.



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Ecclesiastes, xii. 1.

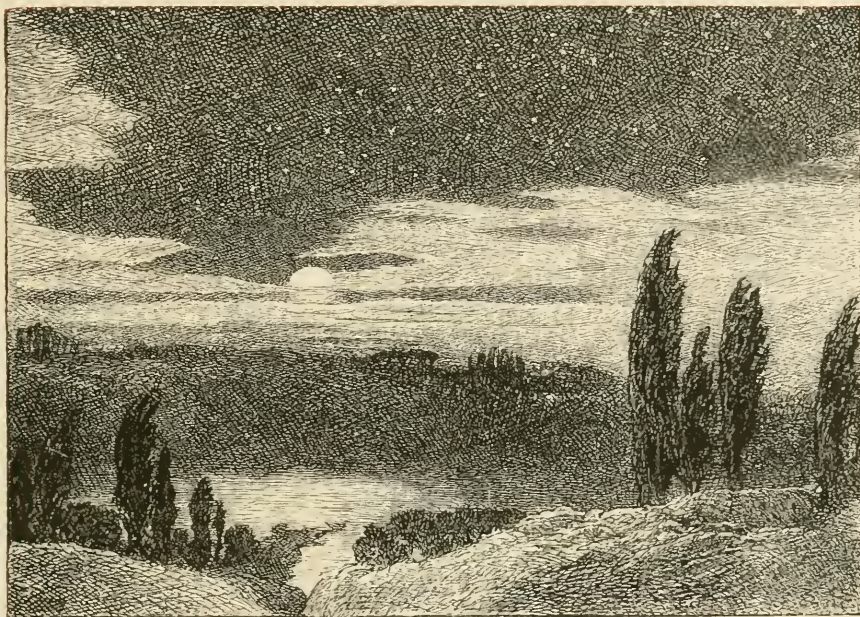
The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.

Isaiah, lvii. 15.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.

Psalms cxviii. 24, 29.

THE CREATOR



*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament
sheweth His handywork.*

PSALM xix. 1.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

The Creator.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The HAND that made us is DIVINE."

Joseph Addison.



Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

PSALM C. 1.



BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone—
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;

The Creator.

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love!
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts



*Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make
a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.*

PSALM xciv. 2.



COME, O come! in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument;
Music add of every kind,
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And, bright stars, augment the choir.

The Creator.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid the mortal throng
Be you masters of the song :
Angels and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours :
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is He.

From earth's vast and hollow womb,
Music's deepest bass may come ;
Seas and floods, from shore to shore
Shall their counter-tenors roar :
To this concert when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descants bring :
That our song may over-climb
All the bounds of space and time,
And ascend from sphere to sphere,
To the great Almighty's ear.

So from Heaven on earth He shall
Let His gracious blessings fall ;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be ;
Where in such a praiseful tone
We will sing what He hath done,
That the cursed fiends below
Shall thereat impatient grow :
Then, O come, in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise !

George Wither.





*His Name alone is excellent, His glory is above the
earth and heaven.*

PSALM cxlviii. 13.

E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord,
And let His power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

Let the high heavens your songs invite—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

See earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade :
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.

The Creator.

But Oh, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore.
This theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an undeclining day.

Philip Doddridge.



The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

PSALM xxxiii. 5.

HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest
In every cheerful ray;
Love draws the curtain of the night,
And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.

But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen;
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

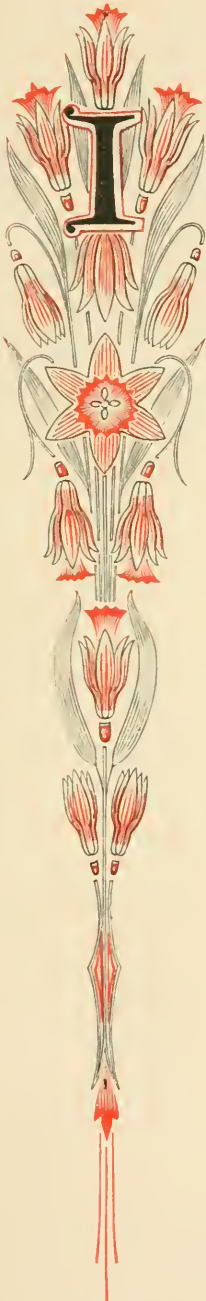
Thomas Gibbons.



The Creator.

*Praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful
works to the children of men.*

PSALM cvii. 15



SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

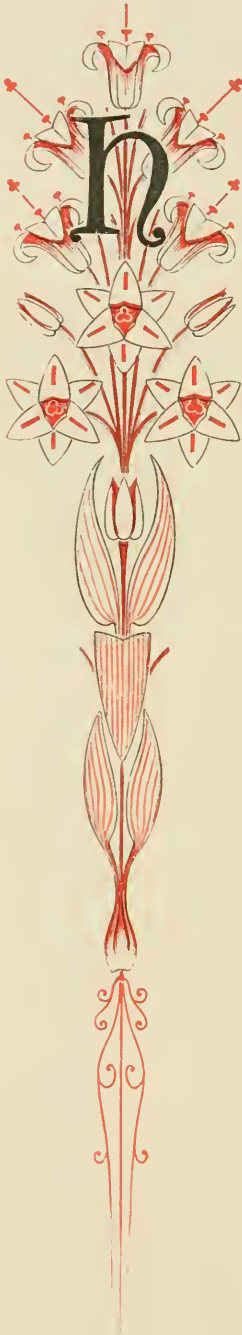
In Heaven He shines with beams of love ;
With wrath in Hell beneath ;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.
His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with His eye ;
How should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

Isaac Watts.

The Creator.

*Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord.*

PSALM cl. 6



ARK. my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet and look more gay.

Wake, for shame ! my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas He whole nature made ;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord !
Live, by all Thy works adored :
One in Three, and Three in One,
Thrice we bow to Thee alone !

John Austin

The Creator.

*O give thanks unto the Lord ; for He is good : for His
mercy endureth for ever.*

PSALM CXXXVI. 1.

O God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong,
That all the universe may hear
And join the grateful song.

Praise Him, thou sun, who dwells unseen
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot as dark as night.

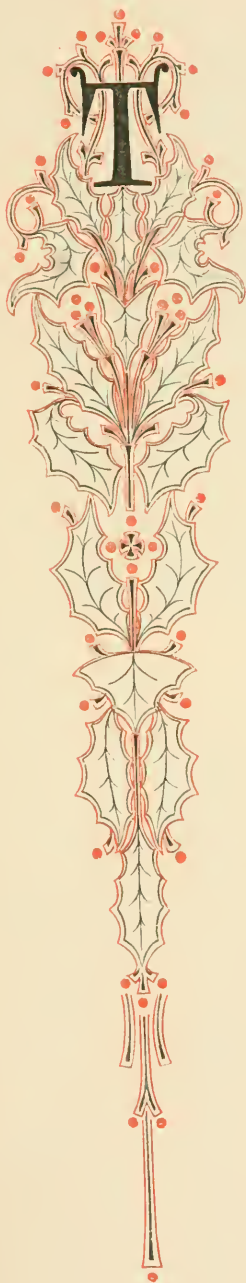
Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
The universal song
Through the serene and silent night
To listening worlds prolong.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us, through ages past,
Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings His praise.
From north to south, from east to west,
Through heaven, and earth, and seas.

Exert your voice, ye furious fires
That rend the watery cloud,
And thunder to this nether world
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;



The Creator.

Ye stately hills that rear your heads,
And towering pierce the sky ;
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
Within its narrow sides
A vast extended world displays,
And spacious realms provides ;

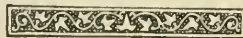
Ye race, still less than these, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To which one drop, however small,
A boundless ocean seems ;

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great or small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

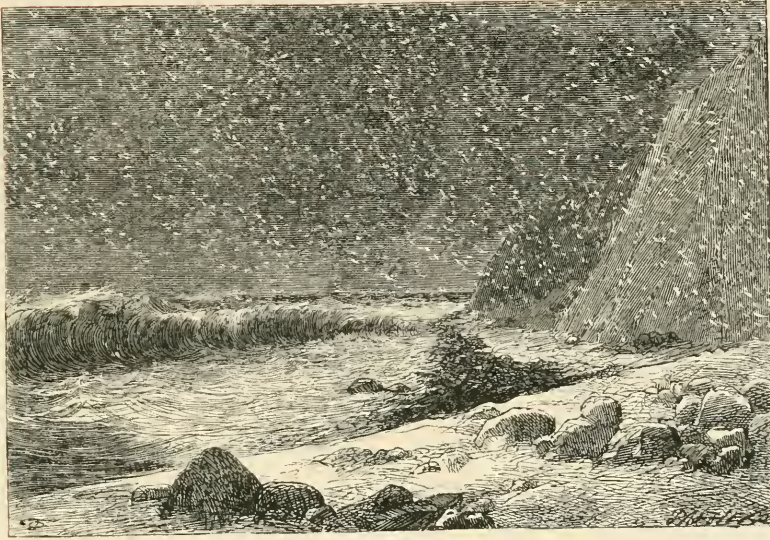
And if ye want or sense or sounds,
To swell the grateful noise,
Prompt mankind with that sense, and they
Shall find for you a voice.

From all the boundless realms of space
Let loud Hosannas sound ;
Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,
The grateful concert round.

Philip Skelton.



The Creator.



*I am the Lord and there is none else ; there is
no God beside me.*

ISAIAH XLV. 5.



Who can, on the sea shore,
Count the grains of sand ?
Or the leaves in autumn,
Whirling o'er the land ?
Or the winter snow-flakes
Driving fierce and free ?
Or the drops of water
In the briny sea ?

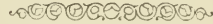
Who can measure ocean
Where it deepest flows ?
Or the rays the sun darts
When it brightest glows ?

The Creator.

Who, than swiftest lightning,
Faster yet can flee ?
Name that wondrous Being—
Greater none than He !

God is the unnumbered,
Who no bound can know ;
Suns and stars, before Him,
Are as flakes of snow.
God is called the Boundless,
Fathomless is He ;
Swifter than the lightning,
Deeper than the sea !

Dr. Dulcken



*The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God,
O Zion, unto all generations.*

PSALM cxlvi. 10.



GO moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

The Creator.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Couper.



*Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises
unto our God.*

PSALM cxlvii. 1.



RAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!


Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore

Henry Francis Lyte.

The Creator.

*O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt
His Name together.*

PSALM XXXIV. 3



WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

The Creator.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant.



*The earth is full of Thy riches, so is this great
and wide sea.*

PSALM CIV. 24, 25.

GOD! Thou knowest all our wants
Long before we ask the boon;
Thy bounties ever go before:
We seek—and, lo, the gift is done.

Thy tender love, O Father! God!
Is boundless as Thy power:
Thou didst create the rolling sea,
Thou dost paint the lily flower.

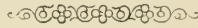
The lofty mountains Thou hast made,
And all the stars in heaven;
All living things with life—and life
To every blade of grass is given.



The Creator.

And Thou wilt deign to look on us,
Humbly seeking help from Thee;
Oh! may we have Thy love on earth,
Thy smile through all eternity!

Anon.



*Praise ye the Lord, praise God in His sanctuary: praise
Him in the firmament of His power.*

PSALM c. 1.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The Church with psalms must shout:
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

George Herbert.



PRAYER

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

PSALM LXX. 2.

P

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh;
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters Heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Prayer.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.



Son of David, have mercy on me.

LUKE, xviii. 38.

ORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin ;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale ;
When our tears bedew Thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh ;
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

Prayer.



Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven ;
Then Thy fostering grace afford,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

Henry Hart Milman

Prayer.



Lord, I believe : help Thou mine unbelief.

MARK, ix. 24.

APPROACH. my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
Then humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh.
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died !

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name !

John Newton



To seek of Him a right way

EZRA, viii. 21



LORD. another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

Thy heavenly grace to each impart ;
All evil far remove ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

Prayer.

Our souls, obedient to Thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite ;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way ;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

H. Kirke White



Show piety at home

I. TIMOTHY, v. 4



HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast ;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.
Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear ;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise ;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.
Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain ;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

Anon.

Prayer.

By the things which He suffered.

HEBREWS, v. 8.



SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years ;
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

Prayer.

By thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O ! from earth to Heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

Sir Robert Grant.



When I saw Him, I felt at His feet as dead.

REVELATION. i. 17

GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear ?

For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud ;
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from the atoning sacrifice,
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

O ! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought :
It is my Maker—dare I stay ?
My Saviour—dare I turn away ?

O Saviour, calm our troubled fears ;
O Saviour, gather up our tears ;
And let us in this solemn hour
Behold Thy glory, feel Thy power.

John Keble.



Prayer.



What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee.

ESTHER, vii. 2

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer :
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin :—
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.



Prayer.

Lord, teach us to pray.

LUKE, XI 1.

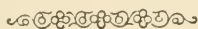


PATILIER, when we bend the knee
And supplicate before Thy throne ;
When we raise our hearts to Thee,
To make our poor petitions known :
Oh, let then our hearts' desire
Be that which Thou canst well approve :
Touch our tongues with living fire,
That words of life may ask Thy love.

That we may claim Thy promise still,
All holy blessings from Thy hand ;
Teach us, Lord, to do Thy will
In all the ways Thou dost command.
Let our hearts be warm and true,
Let our thoughts be pure and holy ;
Make us, as Thy gifts renew,
Thoughtful for the poor and lowly.

Fill our hearts with thankful love
For blessings Thou dost aye bestow ;
Fix our hearts on things above
While we are dwelling here below.
Let us feel our Saviour's love
To forgive all sins committed ;
Guardian Angel, Heavenly Dove,
Pardoning that which we've omitted.

Amen.



Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.

HEBREWS, IV 16



BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

Prayer.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.


John Newton



Prayer.

Pray without ceasing.

I. THESSALONIANS, A. 17



WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

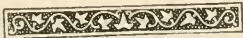
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words? Ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,—
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

William Cowper



Prayer.

*Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a
plain path*

PSALM xxvii, 11



JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

Weanèd from my lordly self,
Weanèd from the miser's pelf,
Weanèd from the scorner's ways,
Weanèd from the lust of praise;

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might;

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood!

In this posture let me live,
And Hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And Hosannas ever cry!

John Berridge.



Prayer.



The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.

1. JOHN, i. 7.



WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own.
The trembling creature of Thine hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

Prayer.

O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

Henry Francis Lyte



Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice.

PSALM xxvii. 7.

ORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,
To whom all praise belongs,
Thy justice and Thy love shall be
The subject of my songs.

Let wisdom o'er my heart preside,
To lead my steps aright,
And make Thy perfect law my guide,
Thy service my delight.

All sinful ways I will abhor,
All wicked men forsake,
And only those who love Thy law,
For my companions take.


Lord! that I may not go astray,
Thy constant grace impart;
When wilt Thou come to point my way,
And fix my roving heart?

William Holcy Bathurst

Prayer.

*Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall
lift you up.*

JAMES, iv. 10.



PRAYER is not heard through noisy sound,
Solemn chaunt, nor organ pealing,
Nor all the glare that pomp can bring,
Unless the heart is kneeling.

The highest flight of eloquence
That lofty intellect may frame ;
Can never form a prayer to meet
The glory of God's holy Name.

'Tis from the humble heart alone,
Bowed down in pious love and fear ;
The earnest prayer in Jesus' Name,
Our gracious God will deign to hear.

The wailing moan, the muttered cry,
The meek repentant sinner's tear,
The lisping of an infant's tongue,
Finds ready access to His ear.

Now, Father, fill our hearts with prayer,
Grant our sins be all forgiven,
That, with Thy help, we may prepare
And worthy be of Heaven.

There, holy, pure, and undefiled,
In light we may Thy face behold ;
In seraph songs to sing Thy praise,
With music strung from harps of gold.

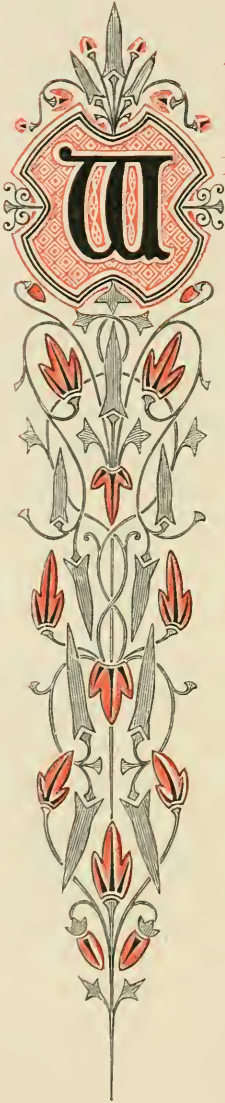
Anon.



Prayer.

*I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy
mercy ; and in Thy fear will I worship.*

PSALM, v. 7.



WE would come before Thy throne,
O God, with thankfulness ;
We would kneel in humble prayer,
And ask Thee now to bless,
Keep, and prosper all our ways,
To guard us with Thy might ;
That every act, and each word,
Find favour in Thy sight.

We would bow before Thy throne,
And offer up our prayer,
For those who will not pray to Thee,
Nor seek to find a share
In the love which Jesus shows
To those who do obey ;
Father, hear our humble prayer
For those who will not pray.

Let us raise our voice again,
O Father, unto Thee,
For those who lie in sickness,
Or mental miserie :
Look in mercy on their state,
And hear our voice to-day ;
O Jesus, hear our prayer now
For those who cannot pray.

Anon.



THE WORDS DAY

Jesus was risen early the first day of the week.

MARK, xvi. 9.



ALL, morning known among the blest !
Morning of hope and joy and love ;
Of heavenly peace and holy rest ;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Blessed be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought His Son :
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

Scarcely morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead ;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

Descend, O Spirit of the Lord !
Thy fire to every bosom bring ;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

Bishop Wardlaw

The Lord's Day.

*Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called
upon Thee.*

PSALM XXXI. 17

(1) Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him art reconciled,
I, through Him became Thy child;
Abba, Father! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery.

The Lord's Day.



*And few on Sabbath to a mob, /
Whom all flesh come
to worship.*

ISAIAH, LVIII. 2.



THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

The Lord's Day.

What joy while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away!
What transports fill my breast!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.

E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now with glad survey
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

James Merrick.



The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

MARK, ii, 28.

DAY most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The Lord's Day.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow:
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till Thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still,
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which Heaven's palace archéd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities:
They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

The Lord's Day.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His ;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss :
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there, for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did th' earth, and all things with it, move :
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence ;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

George Herbert



Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.

PSALM lxxxix. 15.

HOW blest the congregation
Who the Gospel know and prize !
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies :
He is near them,
Knows their wants and hears their cries.

The Lord's Day.

In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move?

By His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe;
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.

God will keep His own anointed;
Nought shall harm them, none condemn:
All their trials are appointed,
All must work for good to them:
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

Henry Francis Lytle.



*Let us rest when they said, Let us go into the desert
of the Lord*

PSALM cxviii 1.



It is the Sabbath morning now,
And we would come awhile apart,
From the busy world away,
From the toil of every day,
And before our Maker lay
The sacred longings of our heart.

The Lord's Day.

We come into Thy house, O God,
Humble thoughts our hearts possessing ;
At Thy throne low bending, there
Casting every worldly care
On Christ, who doth our sorrows share,
And to meekly ask Thy blessing.

We come to read Thy holy book,
To read Thy messages of love ;
How Thou wilt reward the good,
Give them raiment, give them food :
Blessings, more than understood,
With boundless mercies interwove.

We come to give Thee thanks and praise
For all the blessings Thou hast given ;
For the love our Saviour bore,
Granting succour evermore ;
O ! we would now, His name adore
In shouts of joyful praise to Heaven.

Now we would lowly bend the knee,
And ask for strength in coming time,—
Strength to battle in the fight,
Light to see the wrong from right,
Fearless, trusting in Thy might
To shelter us in every clime.

Now, Father, fill us with Thy love,
This holy day, the chief of days,
From the world to stand apart :
Let love for others fill our heart ;
Lead our footsteps where Thou art,
Where we may pray, and sing Thy praise.

Anon.

The Lord's Day.

*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the
courts of the Lord.*

PSALM LXXXIV. 2.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day ;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire.
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
No guilt the conscience to oppress ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But wait the nobler rest above.

Philip Doddridge



The Lord's Day.

In His temple doth every one speak of His glory.

PSALM xxix. 9.



THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound
That call the tribes of Israel near.
Ye people all,
Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to Thy sanctuary come:
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home.
Of Thee, our King,
O may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb!

O hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know Thee here, shall see Thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest
Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace!

Thomas Kelly



They shall hallow my Sabbaths.

EZEKIEL xlv. 21.



THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move,
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To proclaim thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

The Lord's Day.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy word and pay our vows :
Notes to Heaven's high mansions raise ;
Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful Name.

From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise !
Who Thy wonders can express ?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless.
Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
Grateful fervours still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

Sandys



*Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from
polluting it.*

ISAIAH, lvi. 2.



RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord ! our song ascends to Thee ;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven !

Cold our services have been ;
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive :
By Thy grace alone we live !

The Lord's Day.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead !
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

Anon.



Speak, Lord ; for Thy servant heareth.

1. SAMUEL, iii. 9

IN Thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness ;
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without cloud in Heaven we see.

There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore ;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before :
Full enjoyment ;
Full, unmixed for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.



The Lord's Day.

In every place incense shall be offered unto my Name;

MALACHI, I. 11



THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well:

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,—
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

Pierpont



Stand up and bless the Lord your God

NEHEMIAH IX. 5



STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

The Lord's Day.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

O for the living flame
From His own altar brought!
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!

There with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.



He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.

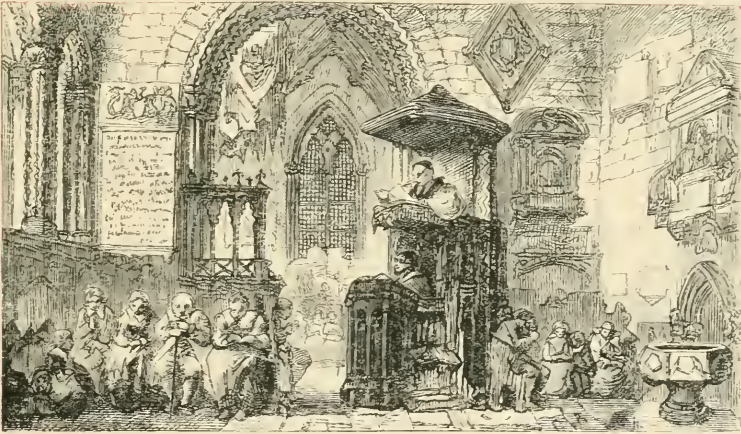
ISAIAH. xl. 11.



M Lord, my love was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.
How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie!
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

The Lord's Day.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest :
Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !



I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray !
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace !
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face !

John Mason

The Lord's Day.

*Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there
am I in the midst of them.*

MATTHEW, xviii. 20.



JESUS. where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten eare,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

William Cowper



The Lord's Day.

Surely the Lord is in this place

GENESIS, xxviii. 16.



(1) God is here! Let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power
And silent bow before His face.
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! Him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue!

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone:
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for Thine own.
Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

In Thee we move; all things of Thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all!
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men; for God is Man!
All may we lose, so Thee we gain!

The Lord's Day.

As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam!
Thou purging Fire! thou quickening Flame!

John Wesley

From Gerhard Tersteege



*For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love
of the Spirit*

ROMANS, XV. 30

Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain:
O direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more!

Thomas Kelly



Faith.

Hope. Love.

Joy.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

1. John, iii. 1.

Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God.

Romans, xiv. 22.



In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalms xvi. 11.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God.

Psalms xlii. 5.



FAITH

Faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

ACTS, XX. 21.



FAITH 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

On Him it safely leans
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

All through the wilderness
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road
While faith directs our way.

Since 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work that faith in me.

Benjamin Beddome

Faith.

*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be
as white as snow.*

ISAIAH, i. 18.



HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

William Cowper.



Who that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out

JOHN, VI, 37.



JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Faith.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

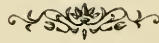
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, the height to prove;
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott



*Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming
of the Lord.*

JAMES, v. 7



WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

Faith.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid.

Sweet on His righteousness to stand
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Faith.

There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Shall see Him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, His merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.

These eyes shall see Him in that day.
The God that died for me!
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to Thee?

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

O! may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

Augustus M Toplady.

Faith.

Cast thy heart to fear Thy name

PSALM LXXXV 11



JESU, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, Almighty to create!
Almighty to renew!

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated Cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

Faith.

Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern,
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley



An advocate with the Father

1. JOHN, ii

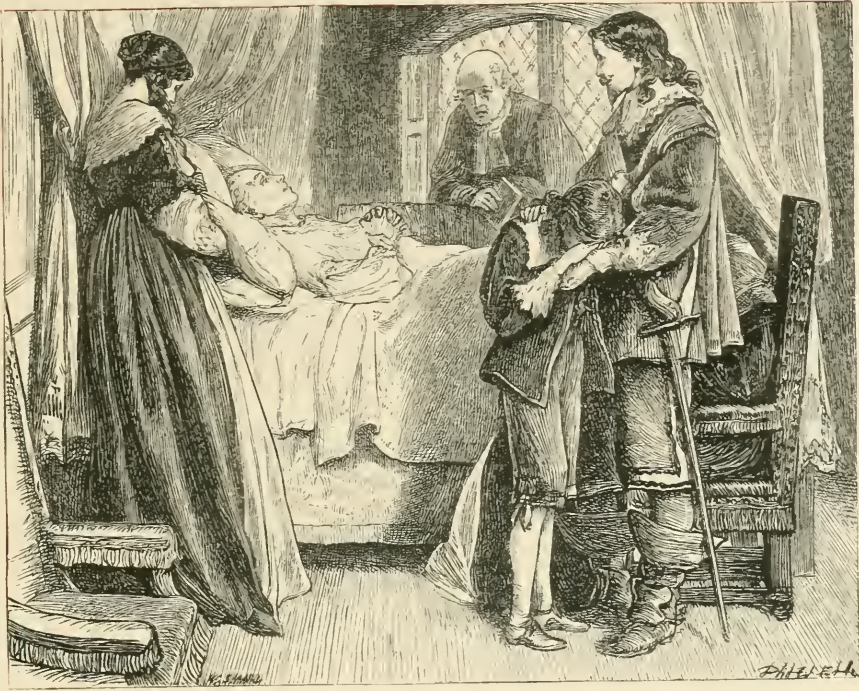


THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

Faith.



When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O, plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day,
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O! say Thou plead'st for me!

Charlotte Elliott

Faith.

*Hear the voice of my supplications when
I cry unto Thee*

PSALM xxviii. 2



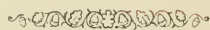
HERE behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,
Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee!
Me a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine.
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee!
Take my heart, and grant me Thine.

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But Thy grace so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee.
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name, or richest hoard,
Are but weary, void and dreary,
To the heart that longs for Thee;
Let me find Thee! let me find Thee!
I am ready, mighty Lord.

Translated by Catherine Winkworth



*Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and
whether we die, we die unto the Lord*

ROMANS. xiv. 8



NOW it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

Faith.

If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.

Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long?
Would I long sin against my God,
And His dear mercy wrong?

How much is sinful flesh my foe,
That doth my soul pervert
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steals from God my heart!

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.


My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter

Faith.

O Lord, my strength, and my refuge.

JEREMIAH, XVI. 19



HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thon wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee !

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me !"

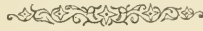
Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

Faith.

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott



Lovest thou me?

JOHN, xvi. 15



ARK. my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?
I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light."

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Faith.


Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O! for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper



An anchor of the soul.

(HEBREWS, VI. 19)



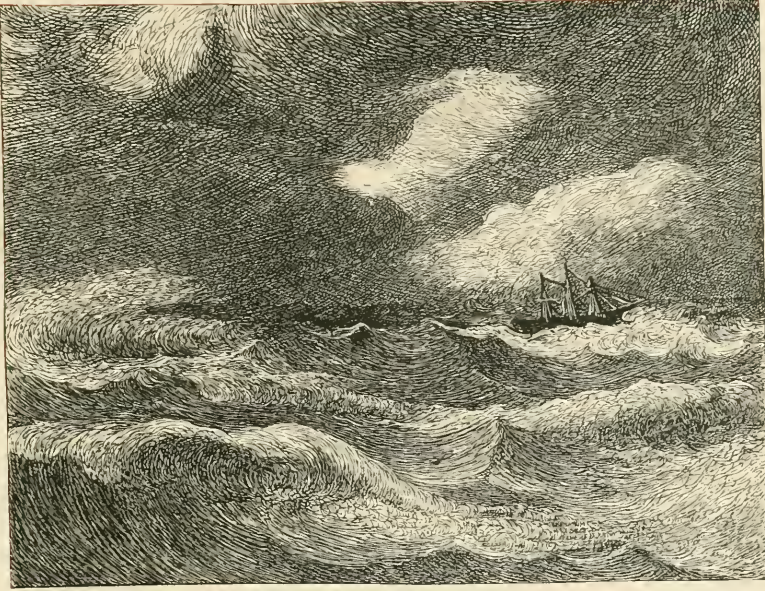
OW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wound of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, Thine everlasting grace,
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

O Love! thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy—free, boundless mercy—cries.

With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

Faith.



Though waves and storms go o'er my head ;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone ;
Though joys be withered all and dead ;
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

John Wesley
From Zinzendorf.

Faith.

Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

ROMANS, xiv. 8.



LEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whatever we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

John Austin.



Thy will be done.

MATTHEW. vi. 10:



Y God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

Faith.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

Though Thou hast called me to resign
What I most prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

Charlotte Elliott



Faith.

Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

PSALM V. 1



HEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

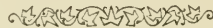
Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

And O! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end!

Anne Steele



*This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into
the world to save sinners*

1. TIMOTHY, I. 1.



ND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain,
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Faith.

'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore!
Let angel minds inquire no more!

He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!
For O, my God! it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and Nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke: the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee!

Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven:
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley

Faith.

That rock was Christ.

I. CORINTHIANS, x. 4



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling:
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady



And again they said, Alleluia.

REVELATION XIX 3



ALLELUJAH! song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy;
Hallelujah! song the sweetest
That can angel hosts employ;
Hymning in God's holy presence
Their high praise eternally.

Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift this joyful strain;
Hallelujah! songs of triumph
Will befit the ransomed train:
We our song must raise with sadness,
While in exile we remain.

Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! notes of sadness
Best befit our state forlorn;
For, in this dark world of sorrow,
We with tears our sin must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

Thirteenth Century

Hope.



Where I am, there ye may be also

JOHN, xiv. 3.

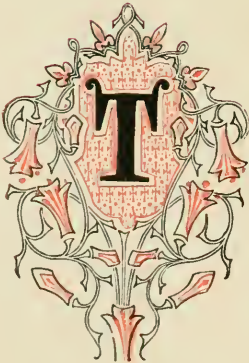
LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott



A spring of water, whose waters fail not

ISAIAH, lviii. 11

HERE is a pure and tranquil wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams, which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend
O'er weary lands to stray.

Hope.



The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

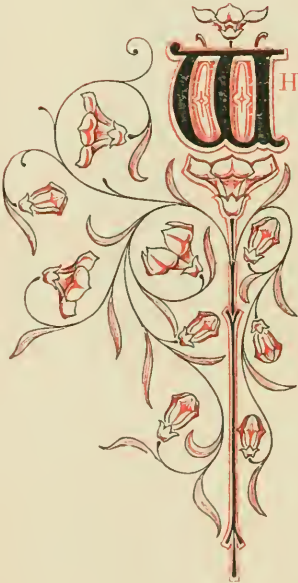
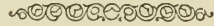
Hope.

There droop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams, that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be that the breath of love
Some leaves on their pure tide have driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from Heaven.

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed,
By the blest virtue that they bring;
So thy parched lips shall be unscaled,
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

William Bull



In my Father's house are many mansions.

JOHN, XIV.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should Death against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all;

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

Hope.

Guide our feet into the way of peace

LUKE, I. 79



AIN would my thoughts fly up to Thee,
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find;
But when I offer, still the world
Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
And thence look down below;
How nothing, there, do all things seem
That here make such a show.

Then round about I turn my eyes,
To feast my hungry sight;
I meet with Heaven in everything,
In everything delight.

I see Thy wisdom ruling all,
And it with joy admire;
I see myself among such hopes
As set my heart on fire.

When I have thus triumphed awhile,
And think to build my nest,
Some cross conceits come fluttering by,
And interrupt my rest.

Then to the earth again I fall,
And from my low dust cry,
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but Thine,
That I got up so high.

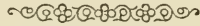
And now, my God, whether I rise,
Or still lie down in dust,
Both I submit to Thy blest will;
In both, on Thee I trust.

Hope.

Guide Thon my way, who art Thyself
My everlasting end,
That every step, or swift or slow,
Still to Thyself may tend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now and for ever be! Amen.

John Austin



Lay hold on eternal life

I. TIMOTHY, VI. 19



WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

Hope.

*I cried with my whole heart, hear me,
(O Lord)*

PSALM cxix. 14.



Go up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to Heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.

Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend, my lingering love!

Horatius Bonar.



To, the hope which is laid up for you in Heaven.

COLOSSIANS.



Would not leave this world below,
To meet the promise given?
To go where tears do cease to flow,
To die and go to Heaven!

Hope.

To die and go to Heaven, Lord!
There to mingle with the blest;
“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

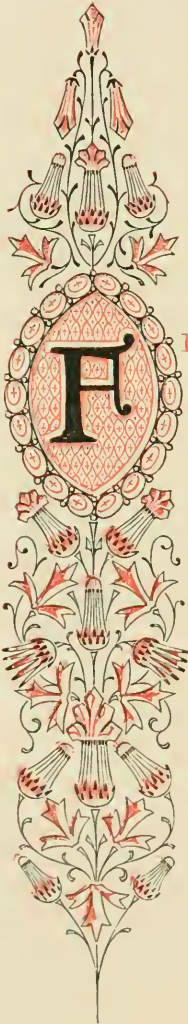
Dear Lord! on Thee we rest our hope,
When with temptation riven;
Grant us to feel Thy Spirit's love,
Then—die and go to Heaven.

Anon



Then shall ask the way to Zion

JEREMIAH



FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

Hope.

There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.



We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.

How bright the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast.
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.

Thomas Kelly

Hope.

The things which are not seen are eternal

II. CORINTHIANS iv. 18



Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One,
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

Isaac Watts



Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.

MATTHEW, xi. 29



FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to Thee.

Hope.

In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

Since at His feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on Him my care.

"Art thou a sinner, soul?" He said;
"Then how canst thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weighed
With everlasting pain."

"If thou of murmuring would'st be cured,
Compare thy griefs with Mine;
Think what My love for thee endured,
And thou wilt not repine."

"Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with Me to dwell."

"In life My grace shall strength supply
Proportioned to thy day;
At death thou still shalt find Me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learnt to be content.

William Cowper

Hope.



We have no abiding city

HEBREWS, xii. 14

WE have no abiding city here:
This may distress the wordling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth! were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirits cheer—
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do!
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,—
It shines with everlasting light!

Zion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest!

Thomas Kelly.



LOVE

*I will not leave the Lord on the road
at the hour*

PSALM CXVI 9



FOR a closer walk with God!

A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Walter Camp

Love.



Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?

JOHN, (XVI.)

() not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will
And make Thy glory known?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge



Take ye therefore which becometh ye to receive it.

1 PETER, ii. 7.



OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Love.

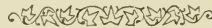
Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name,
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton



He goeth on, keep my commandments

JOHN. xiv. 1.

JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone.
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went;
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

Love.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tiger shall be there.

No: nothing may go up thereon
But travelling souls; and I am one:
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

Nor fools, by carnal men esteemed,
Shall err therein; but they, redeemed
In Jesus' blood, shall show their right
To travel there, till Heaven's in sight.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! for I'm the Way!"

Lo! glad I come; and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live!

I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"

John Cennick.

Love.

*All things are your's, and ye are Christ's; and
Christ is God's.*

I CORINTHIANS. iii. 21, 23.



OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just!
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I something dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.



May I always own Thy hand;
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone;
I and mine are all Thine own.

Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess;
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

John Rutland

Love.

The love of Christ constraineth us.

II. CORINTHIANS, v. 14.



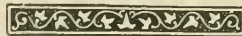
JESUS. Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
All coldness from my heart remove,—
May every act, word, thought, be love.

O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, in life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhard



Love.

*Love not the world, neither the things that are
in the world*

1. JOHN, II. 15



CHRIST my hidden life, appear,
Soul of my inmost soul!
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole!
Now in me Thyself display;
Surely Thou in all things art;
I from all things turn away,
To seek Thee in my heart!

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice!
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace!

From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love!

Thou hast undertook for me;
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold!
Teach the lesson of Thy Cross;
Let me die, with Thee to reign!
All things let me count but loss,
So I may Thee regain!

Love.

Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought!
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to Thee!

Lord, my time is in Thy hand;
My soul to Thee convert!
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart.
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the power is Thine!
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love;
And all Thou art is mine!

Charles Wesley



*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is
the kingdom of heaven.*

MATTHEW, v. 3.



HERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a paradise of rest;
For contrite heart and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage;
The meek that haven gain;
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

Love.

There is a voice to mercy true ;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart ;
There is a sight from man concealed ;
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in Heaven bestowed ;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know :
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him best below.

Lord ! be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given !
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven !

Bishop Richard Wunt.



*Thou comest to me, and I am not
yet acquainted with thy voice.*

PSALM CXXIX.

LORD, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread ;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

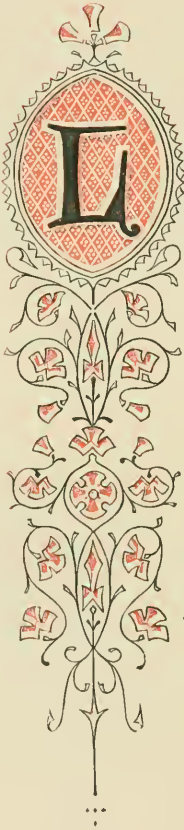
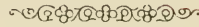
While others in God's prisons lie,
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.

'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans
With good success each day :
This crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

Love.

O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosanna to Thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King!

*John Hampden Gurney.
From John Mason.*



The love which passeth knowledge.

EPHESIANS, iii. 19.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation:
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

JOY

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

PHILIPPIANS. i. 21



OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire
 Only to be found in Thee.
 Thee to praise and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny;
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

While I feel Thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy;
 Here, O! may I walk with Thee,
 Then into Thy presence die.
 Let me but Thyself possess—
 Total sum of happiness!—
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below and Heaven above.

Augustus M. Toplady

Joy.



My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour

LUKE I. 47

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

St Bernard



Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord

PSALM CV

THE child leans on its mother's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

Joy.

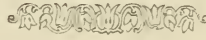


He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
 He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
 A Father's Name.

Joy.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Isaac Williams.



*Although the fig tree shall not blossom, yet I will
rejoice in the Lord.*

HABAKKUK iii. 17, 18.



SOMETIMES a light surprises

The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining.
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation.
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Joy.

Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice :
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper



*Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye
see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable
and full of glory*

I. PETER, i. 8

Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet Morning star,
And He my rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of Hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts.



Joy.



*Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee,
O people saved by the Lord?*

DEUTERONOMY, xxxiii. 29.

ISRAEL. blest beyond compare!
Unrivalled all thy glories are!
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interests His own.

He is thy Saviour, He thy Lord:
His shield is thine, and thine His sword;
Review in ecstasy of thought
The grand redemption He has wrought.

From Satan's yoke He sets thee free;
Opens Thy passage through the sea;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And Heaven for Canaan will provide.

Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host;
Their glories, which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
Proportioned to the sweeter Name
Of God, the Saviour, and the Lamb.

Philip Doddridge



The joy of the Lord is your strength.

NEHEMIAH, viii. 10.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

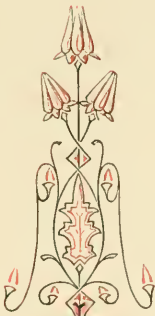
Joy.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine !

These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

John Newton



*O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful
noise to the Rock of our salvation.*

PSALM xcvi. 1.



COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place :
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas ;

Joy.

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.
There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

Isaac Watts.



*Go forth into the plain, and I will there
talk with thee.*

EZEKIEL, iii. 22.



FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!



There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thon art mine!

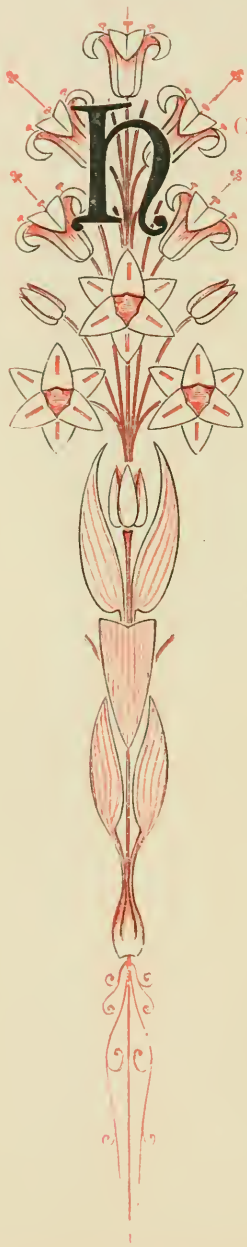
What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

William Cowper.

Joy.

All things are yours

1. CORINTHIANS. iii. 21.



NOW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
Earth is our lodge, and Heaven our home.

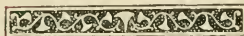
All things are ours, the gifts of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise ;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And, while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and Heaven reveal the rest.

Isaac Watts.



Patience.

Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh
not ashamed.

Romans, v. 3, 4, 5.

We have need of patience.

Hebrews, x. 36.



Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likened one toward another according
to Christ Jesus.

Romans, xii. 3.

Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.

James, v. 7.

PATIENCE

*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall
direct thy paths.*

PROVERBS, iii, 6



A

OMMIT thou all thy griefs

And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and Heaven commands ;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit caust thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause ; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love.
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatsoever Thou wilt
Thou dost, O King of kings ;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

Patience.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sigh and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven and earth and Hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

Patience.



Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Patience.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

*John Wesley.
From Paul Gerhardt*



*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that
fear Him*

PSALM xxxiv. 7



N silent wings, an angel
Through all the land is borne,
Sent by the gracious Father
To comfort them that mourn.
There's blessing in his glances,
Peace dwells where'er he came,
O! follow when he calls thee,
For *Patience* is his name.

Through earthly care and sorrow
He'll smooth the thorny way,
And speak with hopeful courage
Of brighter, happier day;
And when thy weakness falters,
His strength is firm and fast;
He'll help to bear thy burden,
He'll lead thee home at last.

Patience.

Thy tears he never chideth,
When comfort he'd impart ;
Rebuking not, he quiets
The longings of thy heart ;
And when, in stormy sorrow,
Thou murmuring askest "Why?"
He, silent yet, but smiling,
Points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer
Each question that's address ;
His maxim is "Endure thou,
And after toil comes rest."
Through life, if thou wilt love him,
Thus by thy side he'll wend,
Oft silent, ever hopeful,
Still looking to the end.

Dr. Duleken



Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?

PSALM lxxiii. 25.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Patience.

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams



So shall we ever be with the Lord

I. THESSALONIANS IV. 17



OR ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality!

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

Patience.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

Jones Mordgwenry

Patience.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous

PSALM xxxiii. 1.

REJOICE, though storms assail thee ;
Rejoice, when skies are bright ;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night :
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell !

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice !
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice ?
Look back on youth's gay visions
When life one glory seemed :
Who poured those rays of gladness
Which on thy prospect beamed ?

Recall the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice,
Though wave on wave of sorrow
Rush on with fearful noise :
Was not the bow of promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb ?

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone !
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on :
And still they bear Thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is,
" Rejoice for evermore ! "

Anon



Morning.

Evening.

Night.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

Psalm 6. 3.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray.

Psalm 16. 17.



And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Genesis, i. 5.

With my soul have I desired Thee in the night.

Isaiah, xxi. 9.

MORNING.



In the morning will my prayer be made.

PSALM LXXXVIII, 1.

INCE Thou hast added now, O God,
Unto my life another day,
And giv'st me leave to walk abroad,
And labour in my lawful way;
My walks and works with me begin,
Conduct me forth, and bring me in.

In every power my soul enjoys
Internal virtues to improve;
In every sense that she employs
In her external works to move;
Bless her, O God, and keep me sound
From outward harm and inward wound.

Let sin nor Satan's fraud prevail
To make mine eye of reason blind,
Or faith, or hope, or love to fail,
Or any virtues of the mind;
But more and more let them increase,
And bring me to mine end in peace.

Lewd courses let my feet forbear;
Keep Thou my hands from doing wrong;
Let not ill counsels pierce mine ear,
Nor wicked words defile my tongue;
And keep the windows of each eye,
That no strange lust climb in thereby.

Morning.

But guard Thou safe my heart in chief,
That neither hate, revenge, nor fear,
Nor vain desire, vain joy or grief,
Obtain command or dwelling there :
And, Lord! with every saving grace,
Still true to Thee maintain that place!

So till the evening of this morn
My time shall then so well be spent,
That when the twilight shall return
I may enjoy it with content,
And to Thy praise and honour say
That this hath proved a happy day.

George Wither.



My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.

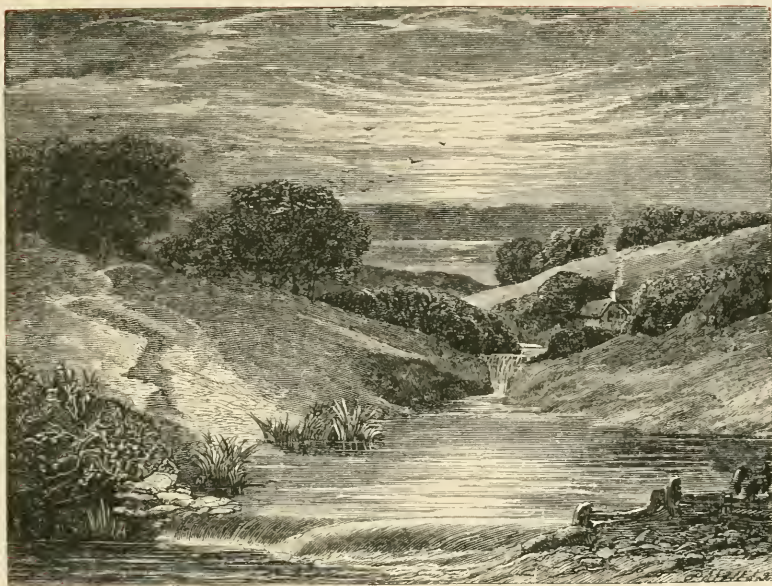
PSALM V. 3.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines ;

O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

Morning.



But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me Thy counsel for my guide.
And then receive me to Thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this !

Isaac Watts.

Morning.

The Lord's mercies are new every morning.

LAMENTATIONS, iii. 22, 23.



TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beams celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.



New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Morning.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.



His compassions fail not: they are for every sorrow.

LAMENTATIONS, iii 22, 23

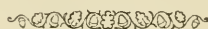
CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Morning.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief !
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief !
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

Charles Wesley.



*In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee,
and will look up.*

PSALM V. 3.



WAKE. my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious ways,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Morning.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

Awake! awake, ye heavenly choir!
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
Oh, may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings, to Heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply;
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O, never then from me depart!
For to my soul 'tis Hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Morning.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Bishop Thomas Ken



I will pay my vows unto the Lord our.

PSALM CXXI. 18.

GOD, we thank Thee for the love
And care Thou dost bestow
Upon us in our sleeping hours,
And all the hours we know.

And now the gladsome morning sun
Lights all the land and sea,
And we, refreshed by blessed sleep,
Rise up to worship Thee.

All glorious is Thy holy Name,
All wondrous is Thy might ;
Creator of the sunlit day
And of the starry night.

Morning.



If Thou, O God, dost grant Thy love,
The world shall hurt no more,
Though sin may chafe, as doth the sea
Upon a rock-girt shore.

O shield us in temptation's hour!
O guard us night and day!
O give us Thy protecting love!
And hear us when we pray.

Anon.

Morning.

And Samuel lay until the morning.

I. SAMUEL, iii. 15.



ORD, from my bed again I rise
To offer up the sacrifice
Of praise and prayer to Thee ;
I laid me down to sleep at night ;
I trusted in Thine arm of might :
Thine arm protected me.

Uphold Thy servant through the day ;
Direct my steps in wisdom's way,
Let me not turn aside ;
Let me not walk where scorners walk,
And sinful men profanely talk :
Still be my God and Guide.

Bartholomew.



I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever.

PSALM cxlv. 2.



ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye—

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.



*Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under
the shadow of Thy wings.*

PSALM xvii. 5

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed !
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the Judgment Day !

O, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply !
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest !

Evening.

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !
I am but half my time alive :
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains !
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart !

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds ;
O, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

O, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

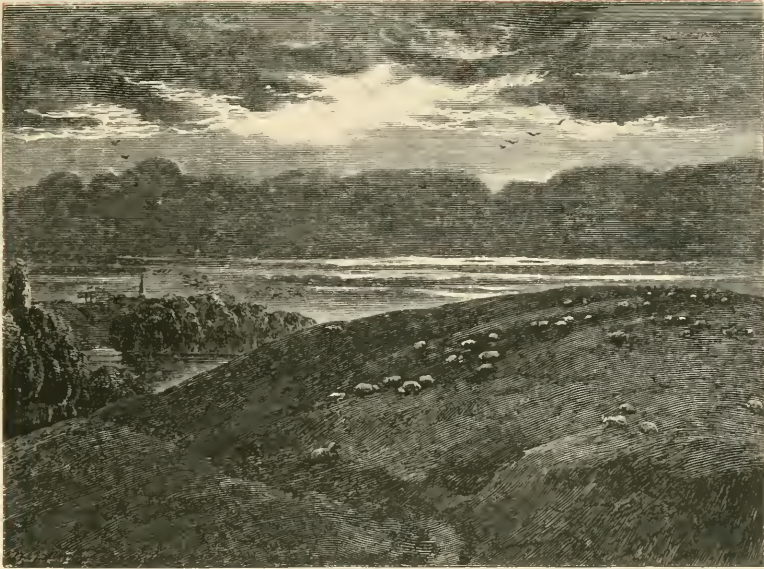
O, may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil ;
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Bishop Thomas Ken.

Evening.



Hear me when I call, O God.

PSALM iv. 1.

BEHOLD, the sun, that seemed but now
Euthronèd overhead,
Beginneth to decline below
The globe whereon we tread :

And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which Nature gave ;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave ;

Evening.

Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart ;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

Lord, though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain !

And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of righteousness
For ever brightly shine !

George Wither



*I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt
bountifully with me.*

PSALM xiii. 5

ACCEPT. my God, my evening song,
Like incense let it fragrant rise ;
Stir up my heart, and tune my tongue,
And let the music reach the skies.

Thou hast my kind Protector been
Through all the dangers of the day ;
My Guardian to defend from sin,
My Guide to choose me out my way.

Evening.

The flowing spring of all my good,
Still pouring blessings from on high,
Thine hand hath dealt me out my food,
For every want a kind supply.

Unceasing, Lord, Thy bounty flowed;
Each moment brought me in fresh aid;
But what returns of love to God
Have I for all His kindness made?

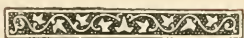
What have I done for Him who died
To save myself from endless woe?
How much have I His patience tried
From whom all my enjoyments flow!

Fast as my flying minutes pass,
My faults augment the former sum!
Forgive the past, and by Thy grace
Prevent the like for time to come!

Dear Saviour, to Thy Cross I'll fly,
And there my guilty head recline,
And my whole soul, that sin may die,
Yield up to influence divine!

Then, sprinkled with atoning blood,
I'll lay me down and take my rest,
Trust the protection of my God,
And sleep as on my Saviour's breast.

*Variation from Isaac Watts
By Simon Browne.*





After this manner pray ye.

MATTHEW, vi. 9.



WEARY now I go to bed,
Close my eyes and rest my head ;
Father, let Thy watchful eye
Be upon me as I lie.

For the wrong I've done this day,
Look not on it, Lord, I pray ;
But forgive the ill I've done,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son.

For my parents dear I pray ;
Father, take them not away ;
Let us all in peace awake,
For Thy Son our Saviour's sake.

Dr. Dulcken.

Evening.

He searcheth His beloved sleep

PSALM CXXV



UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn
Except in all I Thee discern!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

Evening.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright!
Let all do all as in Thy sight!

O! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above!

John Keble

Evening.

Abide with us: the day is far spent

LUKE, XXIV. 29



ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Evening.

Hold then Thy Cross before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

Henry Francis Lytle



He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

MATTHEW, IV

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep :
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before Thy Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made !

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought ;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son hath bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions ;
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thine angels bid me home !

Harriett Parr.

NIGHT.

*He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber
nor sleep.*

PSALM CXXI. 1.



INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head ;
Welcome slumber to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities.

My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose ;
By my Heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

Heavenly Father ! gracious Name !
Night and day His love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot.

Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good ;
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.

What though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

Night.

While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light,
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way,

While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise.

Mid the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise,

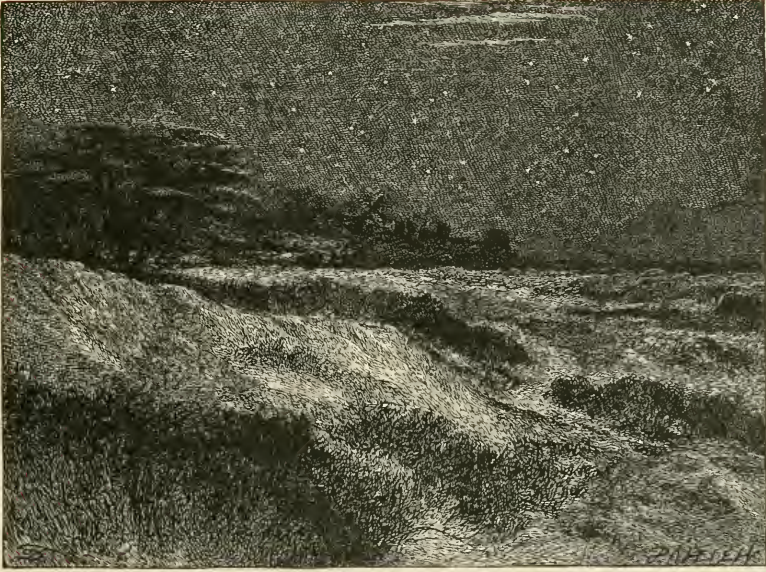
Through the throng His gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
From on high doth He impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

He in these serenest hours
Guides my intellectual powers,
And His Spirit doth diffuse
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;

Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake with Thee !

What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

Night.



What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

See, the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates displayed!
See the crown to grace my head!

Night.

See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night !
Transitory world, farewell !
Jesus calls, with Him to dwell !

With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee !

Philip Doddridge



Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

PSALM xci. 10.



SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing :
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee :
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

Night.

The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.

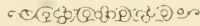
PSALM lxxiv. 16.



OD that madest earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel guards defend us !
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us !
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie ;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber



There shall be no night there.

REVELATION, xxii. 5



Y God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bless'd angels ! while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

Night.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust ;
O, make me Thy peculiar care ;
Some mansion for my soul prepare !

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat !
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

O, may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand !
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight !
My soul, O, lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of thy great Name !

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on Heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss below,
In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above ?

Night.

Shine on me, Lord,—new life impart !
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice !
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout !

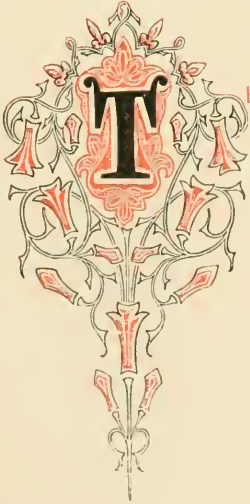
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Bishop Thomas Ken



Abide with me

LUKE, XXIV



THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us :

Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us !

Let no foe our peace molest !
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be !
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes :

Us and ours preserve from dangers,

In Thine arms may we repose !
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last !

Thomas Kelly

Night.

He shall give His angels charge over thee

PSALM XCI. 11

L. praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night,
Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
Of uncreated light!

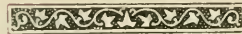
Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
'Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

May we, with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless the Ever-blessed!

Charles Wesley.



Night.

So Samuel went and lay down.

I. SAMUEL, iii. 9.



HIS night I lift my heart to Thee,
Whose dwelling is in Heaven above ;
O, deign to hear and answer me,
My Father—God of love.

Art Thou not, Lord, in every place ?
Is there a thing beneath Thy care ?
Though angels only see Thy face,
Yet Thou art everywhere.

O, give Thine angels charge to keep
Their wings spread over me this night ;
Let them defend me—let me sleep
Till darkness melts in light.

Bartholomew.



He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

PSALM CXXI.



HE sun has sunk beneath the wave,
Another day is done,
Another round upon the stage
Of this life's course is run.

The evening comes with silent tread,
All slowly comes the night,
When in the darkened heavens are shown
A thousand worlds of light.

Night.

O grant us, God, Thy guardian care,
While we lie down to sleep;
Shield us from every evil thing,
Our souls in safety keep.

Grant that our bodies, all refreshed
In the new coming day,
May rise to serve Thee with new love,
With greater fervour pray.

And when our day of life is done,
When death shall close our eyes,
Grant us to wake in glory bright,
Hymns singing in the skies!

Anon



Seed-time and Harvest.

The Old and New Year.

Death and the Grave.

The Judgment.

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day
and night shall not cease.

Genesis, viii. 22.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom.

Psalms xc. 12.



Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: that they may rest from their labours; and their works
do follow them.

Revelation, xiv. 13.

We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.

Romans, xiv. 10.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

*The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys
also are covered over with corn.*

PSALM LXX. 13



RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice;
For the generous olive's use:

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Seed-time and Harvest.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

Anna Lætitia Barbauld



*He left not Himself without witness, in that He
gave us fruitful seasons.*

ACTS, xiv. 17.



FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love

How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

Seed-time and Harvest.



The Spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

Seed-time and Harvest.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
And yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow!

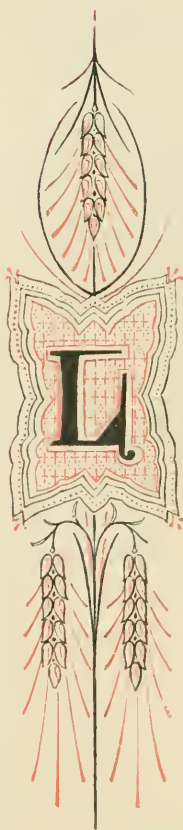
Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise!

Anne Flowerdeew



*That which thou sowest is not quickened,
except it die.*

I. CORINTHIANS, XV. 36.



LORD of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops, safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in Autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Seed-time and Harvest.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of Life! from day to day
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

Joseph Austice



*Who giveth food to all flesh: for His mercy
endureth for ever.*

PSALM CXXXVI 25.

RAISE. O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing.
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



Seed-time and Harvest.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him for our harvest store;
He hath filled the garner floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

Sir Henry Baker



Thou art in harvest!

ISAIAH, IV



REAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

Seed-time and Harvest.



The harvest song would we repeat :
Thou givest us the finest wheat ;
The joys of harvest we have known :
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

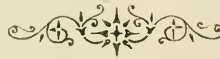
Seed-time and Harvest.

Our tables spread, our garner's stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord:
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high,
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

Anon.



Seed time and harvest shall not cease

GENESIS, viii. 22

TERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

The flowery Spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The Summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Seed-time and Harvest.

Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And Winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade !

O ! may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

Philip Doddridge



Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness

PSALM lxxv. 11.

LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail !
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned :
Our thanks we pay
This holy day ;
O let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If Summer warms the fruitful earth ;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain ;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King ;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

Seed-time and Harvest.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine,—
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
 New, every year,
 Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

John Hampden Gurney



THE OLD AND NEW YEAR



Happy New Year to you

ALL DAY

GREAT God, we sing that mighty band
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

Philip Doddridge.

The Old and New Year.

*Guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive
me to glory.*

PSALM lxxiii. 21.



ARP. awake! tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten!

Lo! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled;
Lo! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled!
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love!

Gracious Saviour! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word!



Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin!
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour! we will trust in Thee!

Henry Downton.

The Old and New Year.



Psalm xc. 1-5. THE OLD.
LXXXI. cxix. 10.

NOW gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's Name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free.
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

John Newton



Psalm xc. 6. THE NEW.

PSALM xc. 5.

WITHE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

The Old and New Year.

As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise!
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy Word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above!

John Newton



troubledness and even such afflictions do not shake
our confidence in God

PSALM XXXIII



OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear!

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

The Old and New Year.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Henry Downton



*The Lord that made heaven and earth bless
thee out of Zion.*

PSALM CXXXIV, 3.



BLESS, O Lord, the opening year,
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe Thy word with power divine.
Make us willing to be Thine.

Now may fervent prayer arise,
Winged with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer shall bring us down
Gracious answers from Thy throne.

Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove,
All Thy power and all Thy love.

John Newton

DEATH AND THE GRAVE

Let us do the death of the righteous

NUMBERS, XXIII. 10.



OW blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While Heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies !

Anna Letitia Barbauld

Death and the Grave.



*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the
end of the world.*

MATTHEW, XXVIII, 20

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

Lo, I am with you! saith the Lord;
My Church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake My own,
Whose souls in Me confide.

Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge



Your fathers, where are they?

ZECARIAH. I. 5

NOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that bears our deathless souls
To vast eternity!

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs have passed away,
Their wealth and honour gone.

Death and the Grave.

There, where the fathers sleep,
Must all their children dwell;
Nor other heritage can keep
Than such a narrow cell.

God of our fathers, be
Our everlasting Friend;
Lord of the dead and living, we
Our souls to Thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till, gathered round our glorious Head,
We dwell before Thy face.

Philip Doddridge



Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

I. THESSALONIANS, IV. 13.



THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore
thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb:
The Saviour hath passed through its portal before
thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Death and the Grave.

Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion
forsaking,

Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy
waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the
seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore
thee,

Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and
Guide!

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
thee;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has
died!

Bishop Reginald Heber



Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die

JOHN, XI. 26



HERE is a calm for those who weep;
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And, while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin Divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A Star of Day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

James Montgomery

Death and the Grave.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

HEBREWS, xiii. 5.



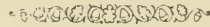
UST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

Be Thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our Helper and our Friend!
Nor leave us, in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end!

O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead!

Let us be weaned from all below;
Let hope our grief expel;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

Isaac Watts.



*There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary
be at rest.*

JOB, iii. 17.



ROTHER. thou art gone before us, and thy saintly
soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow
is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and
fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

Death and the Grave.

The toilsome way¹ thou'st travelled o'er, and borne
the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
His blest abode:
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's
breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith
assail;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy
Spirit fail;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on
earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

Earth to earth and dust to dust, the solemn priest
hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy
narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the
faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou
hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome
find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a
glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest!

Henry Hart Milman.

Death and the Grave.

The dead which die in the Lord.

REVELATION, xiv. 13.



THOU God of Love! beneath Thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

O! when our hearts are burthened with the weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
To our life's close!

Anon



O grave, where is thy victory?

I. CORINTHIANS, XV. 55.



VICTORY spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears:
Heaven opens on mine eyes; mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope.

THE JUDGMENT

When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven.

II. THESSALONIANS, 1. 7



THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake:
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came,—
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary Man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a glorious form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, once wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

While sinners, in despair, shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

Bishop Reginald Heber



The Judgment.

The judgment of the great day.

JUDE, 6.



(1) He comes, with clouds descending !
Hark ! the trump of God is blown,
And th' archangel's voice attending
Makes the high procession known :
Sons of Adam !
Rise, and stand before your God !

Crowns and sceptres fall before Him,
Kings and conquerors own His sway ;
Haughtiest monarchs now adore Him,
While they see His lightnings play :
How triumphant
Is the world's Redeemer now !

Hear His voice, as mighty thunder
Sounding in eternal roar,
While its echo rends in sunder
Rocks and mountains, sea and shore :
Hark ! His accents
Through th' unfathomed deep resound !

"Come, Lord Jesus ! O, come quickly !"
Oft has prayed the mourning Bride :
"Lo !" He answers, "I come quickly !"
Who Thy coming may abide ?
All who loved Him,
All who longed to see His day.

"Come," He saith, "ye heirs of glory ;
Come, ye purchase of My blood ;
Claim the kingdom now before you,
Rise, and fill the mount of God,
Fixed for ever
Where the Lamb on Sion stands."



See! ten thousand burning scraphs
From their thrones as lightnings fly;
"Take," they cry, "your seats above us,
Nearest Him that rules the sky!"
Patient sufferers,
How rewarded are ye now!

Now their trials all are ended:
Now the dubious warfare's o'er:
Joy no more with sorrow blended,
They shall sigh and weep no more;
God for ever
Wipes the tear from every eye.

The Judgment.

Through His passion all victorious
Now they drink immortal wine;
In Emanuel's likeness glorious
As the firmament they shine;
Shine for ever,
With the bright and Morning Star.

Shout aloud, ye ethereal choirs!
Triumph in Jehovah's praise!
Kindle all your heavenly fires,
All your palms of victory raise!
Shout His conquests,
Shout salvation to the Lamb!

In full triumph see them marching
Through the gates of massy light,
While the City walls are sparkling
With meridian glory bright;
O how lovely
Are the dwellings of the Lamb!

Hosts angelic all adore Him
Circling round His orient seat;
Elders cast their crowns before Him,
Fall and worship at His feet;
O how holy
And how reverend is Thy Name!

Hail, Thou Alpha and Omega!
First and Last, of all alone!
He that is, and was, and shall be,
And beside whom there is none!
Take the glory,
Great eternal Three in One!

Thomas Olivers

The Judgment.

*The Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the
holy angels with Him.*

MATTHEW, XXV. 31.



He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day—
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

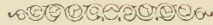
Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new Heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

The Judgment.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O, come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down!

Variation by Martin Madan.

From Charles Wesley and John Cennick.



And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it.

REVELATION, XX. 11.



GREAT God, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created:
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created:
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

Martin Luther.

The Nativity.

Baptism.

The Lord's Supper.

Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.

Luke, ii. 10, 11.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will
toward men.

Luke, ii. 14.



As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.

I. Corinthians, xi. 26.

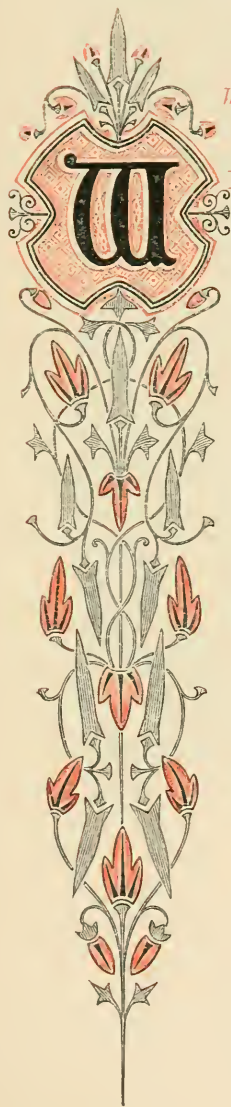
Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the
Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Matthew, xxviii. 19.

THE NATIVITY

*When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding
great joy.*

MATTHEW, ii. 10.



WHEN, marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestuds the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and wildly blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze:
Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all!
I bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

The Nativity.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men.*

LUKE, ii. 14.



ARK! the herald angels sing,

“Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.”

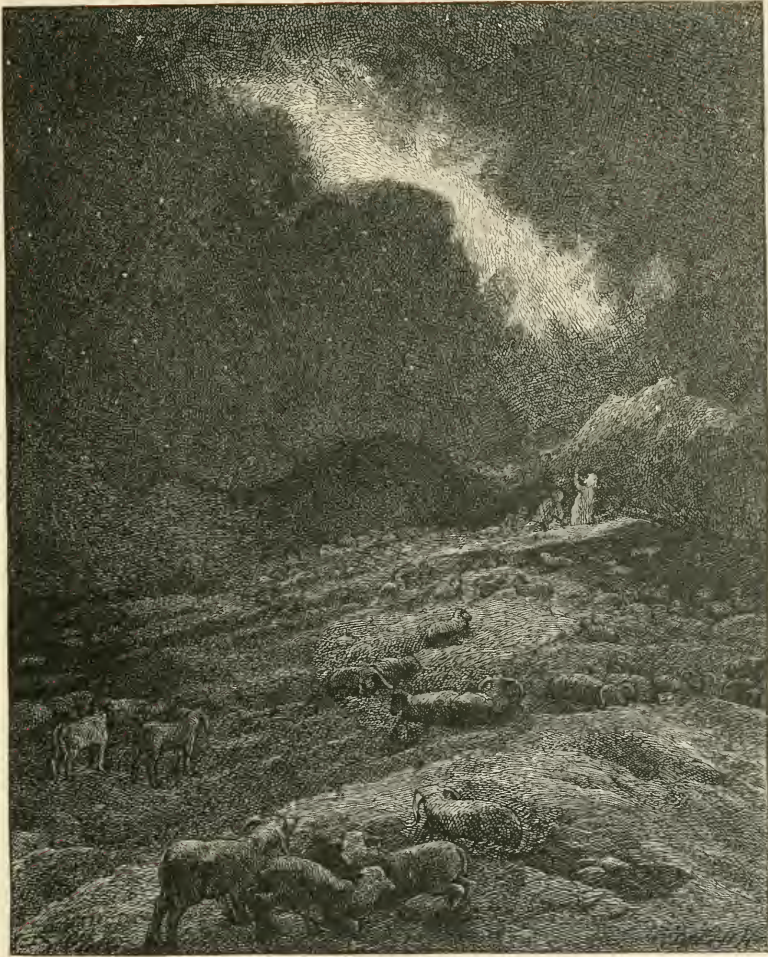
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

Christ, by highest Heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Diety;
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hail! the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Lo! He lays His glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.



Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed:
Bruise in us thè serpent's head.

Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

The Nativity.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;
Stamp Thy image in 'its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love !

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man :
O ! to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart !

Sing we, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Glory in the highest Heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

Charles Wesley.



And His Name shall be called The Prince of Peace.

ISAIAH, IX. 6.



HE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thon better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

For Thon our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

The Nativity.

To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of Heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morrison



The Lord hath made known His salvation

PSALM xcvi. 2.



JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and Nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts

The Nativity.

Behold the Lamb of God!

JOHN, i. 36.



WE'LL sing, in spite of scorn:
Our theme is come from Heaven:
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
The sweetest news that ever came
We'll sing, though all the world should blame.

The long expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing His birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys and swell their song.

O! 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues!
All other objects seem
Unworthy of our songs:
This sacred theme has boundless charms;
It fills, it captivates, it warms!

Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but Thine
Could form the wondrous plan;
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.


Give praise to God on high,
With angels round His throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone!
'Tis meet His saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

Thomas Kelly.

The Nativity.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.

LUKE, 10.



THE scene around me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light:
Amidst the dark and silent night
I hear celestial voices.

Tidings, glad tidings from above
To every age and nation!
Tidings, glad tidings! God is Love,
To man He sends salvation!
His Son beloved, His only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to His Name the glory!

Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed;
There lonely watch is keeping:
I enter; ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine,
Messiah's infant Temple?

It is, it is; and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and angels bow before
The throne of God thrice holy!
Faith through the veil of flesh can see
The face of Thy divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

James Montgomery.

The Nativity.

*There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly
host praising God.*

LUKE, ii. 13.



SONGS of praise the angels sang!

Joy through the starry heavens rang!
When to the world the Christ was given,
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Heaven.

O sweet the music was to hear
That filled the slumbering shepherds' ear;
That told of our Creator's plan
Of peace on earth, good will to man.

Quick then was caught the wondrous sound,
And spread through all the nations round;
And thousands join, their voices raise,
All giving unto God the praise.

And now this song from shore to shore
Will sound till time shall be no more;
Then shall be heard these words of love
Loud hymning in the Heaven above.

Anon.



BAPTISM.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

MATTHEW, iii. 11.



COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by Thee :
Of no mysterious power we boast,
But of the Spirit's ministry.

Sent to baptize into Thy name,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Thy servants still Thy presence claim,—
May we that promised presence find.

Father! in these reveal Thy Son,—
In these for whom we seek Thy face :
Adopt and seal them as Thine own,
By Thy regenerating grace.

Jesus! with us Thou always art ;
Now ratify the sacred sign ;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless Thine ordinance divine.

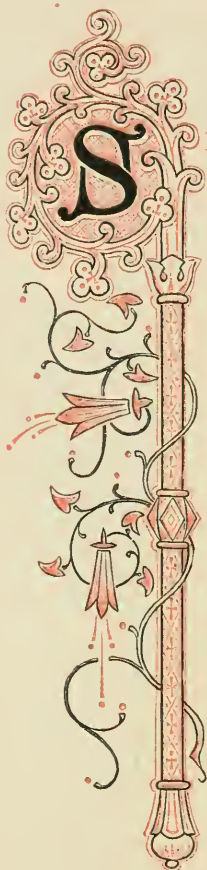
Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou !
The purifying grace apply,
And witness with the water now.

Charles Wesley.

Baptism.

Suffer the little children to come.

MARK, x. 14.



SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

"Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

Invited by the voice divine,
We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine:
Thine let our offspring be.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

Philip Doddridge.



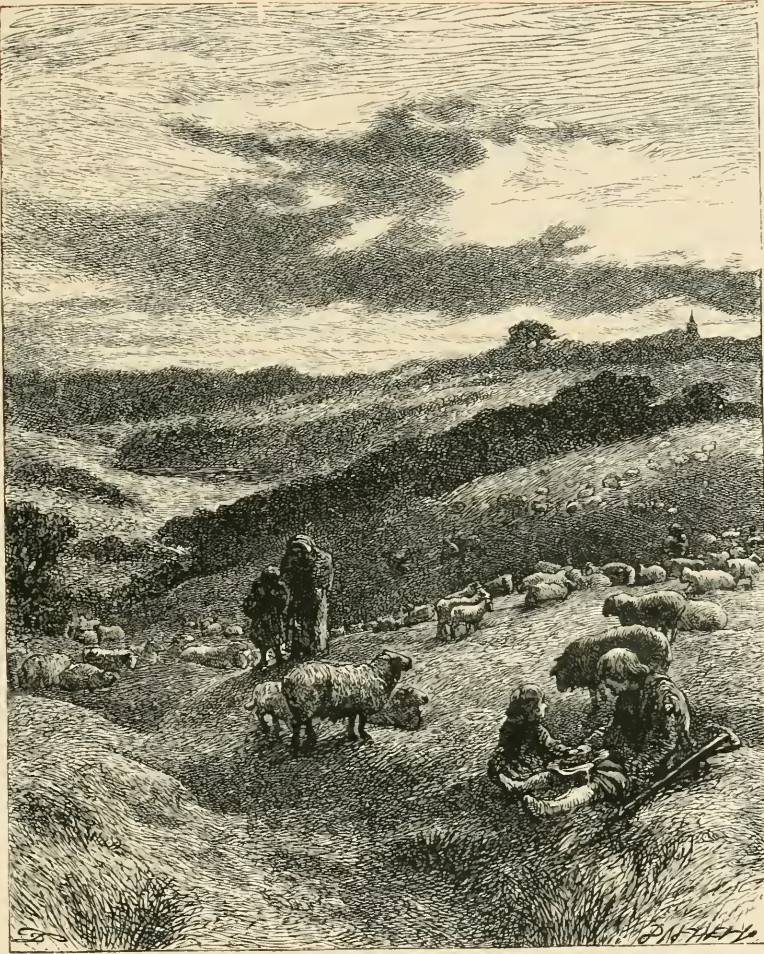
*He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather
the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*

ISAIAH, xl. 11.



SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm!



Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace!

Anon.

Baptism.

And they brought unto Him also infants.

LUKE, xviii, 15.



OD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

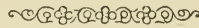
Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for Heaven.

Lent to us for a season, we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Assured that, if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head!
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face!

Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undeified!
Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of Heaven above!

John S. B. Monsell.



*Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find;
knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*

MATTHEW, vii 7.



FATHER, Thou who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way,
Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
And make Thou something out of nought.
O Father, hear!

Baptism.

O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take it to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God!

O Holy Ghost, who broodedst o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life; its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant it, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

O Triune God; what Thou command'st is done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on it Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God! Amen.

Anon.



The angel bless the babe.

GENESIS, xlvi. 16,



THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
O Jesus, we confess:
Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

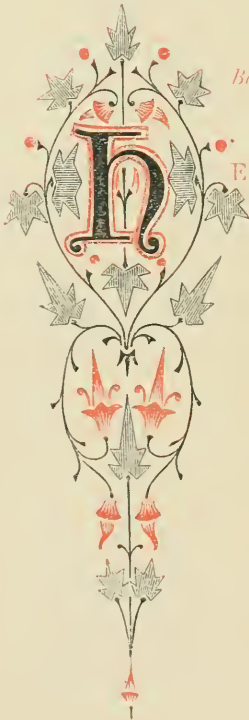
Early disciplined to the Lord,
May they be taught of Thee,
And, made to know and trust Thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

Baptism.

Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove,
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing Thy praise above.

Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

Charles Wesley



*Baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of
the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

MATTHEW, xxviii. 19.

HEAVENLY Father, may Thy love
Beam upon us from above:
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

Son of God, be with us here;
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry!
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal him to redemption's day.

Great Jehovah!—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be.

Guest.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

Drink ye all of it

MATTHEW XXVI. 27



JESUS. Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

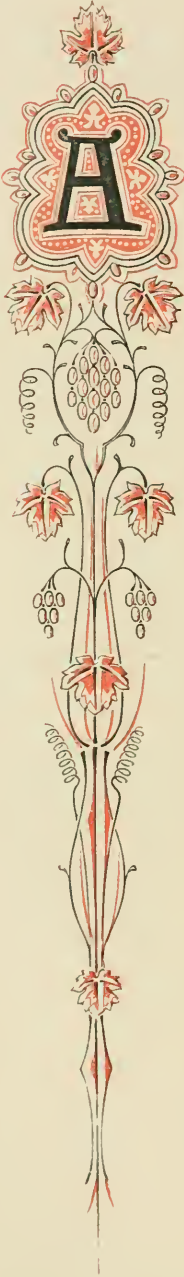
Ray. Pal.

F. S. B. B. B.

The Lord's Supper.

This do in remembrance of Me.

LUKE, xxii. 19.



ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord :
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from Heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me !

James Montgomery.



The wedding was furnished with guests.

MATTHEW, xxii. 10.



NOW rich are Thy provisions, Lord!
 Thy table furnished from above:
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

The Lord's Supper.

We were the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the Gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply

From the highway that leads to Hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy Thy presenee here.

What shall we render to the Son,
That left the Heaven o' His abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost His own;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost,
And pitied rebels when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost.

Isaac Watts



By whose stripes ye were healed.

1 PETER, II. 4



WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

The Lord's Supper.

Here I'll sit, with transport viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood :
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

May I still enjoy this feeling ;
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

Bully



The communion of the body of Christ

1 CORINTHIANS, x. 16.

COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part ;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His heart ;

To feed by faith on Christ, my Bread,
His body broken on the tree ;
To live in Him, my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me ;

The Lord's Supper.

This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine.
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread and pour the wine.

From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,
For such a moment death were sweet!

What then will their fruition be
Who meet in Heaven with blest accord?
A moment?—No: eternity!
They are for ever with the Lord.

James Montgomery.



*As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do
shew the Lord's death till He come.*

I. CORINTHIANS, xi. 26.



READ of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

The Lord's Supper.

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out.

MARK, xiv. 26.



SITTING around our Father's board.

We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds the dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the Sacrifice.

Thy cruel thorns, Thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from Thy loss,
Our healing from Thy wounds.

O! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for Thee,
Or equal thanks should pay.

Isaac Watts



Take, eat this is My body, which is broken for you

I CORINTHIANS xi. 24.



WITH all the powers my poor soul hath
Of humble love and loyal faith,
I come, dear Lord, to worship Thee,
Whom too much love bowed low for me.

Down, busy sense; discourses, die;
And all adore faith's mystery!
Faith is my skill—faith can believe
As fast as love new laws shall give.

The Lord's Supper.

Faith is my eye; faith strength affords
To keep pace with those gracious words;
And words more sure, more sweet than they,
Love could not think, truth could not say.

O dear memorial of that death
Which still survives and gives us breath!
Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
My food, my joy, my all to me!

Come, glorious Lord! my hopes increase,
And mix my portion with Thy peace!
Come, and for ever dwell in me,
That I may only live to Thee!

Come, hidden life, and that long day
For which I languish, come away!
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unsealed Source of Thee;

When Glory's Sun faith's shade shall chase,
And, for Thy veil, give me Thy face;
Then shall my praise eternal be
To the eternal Trinity!

Variation from Richard Crashaw.

By John Austin and Theophilus Dorrington.



The table of the Lord.

MALACHI i. 12.



God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

The Lord's Supper.

Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

Philip Doddridge



The Lord's Supper.

My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.

JOHN, VI. 55.



ING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory;
Of His Cross the mystery sing;
Lift on high the wondrous trophy,
Tell the triumph of the King:
He, the world's Redeemer, conquers
Death, through death now vanquishing.

Born for us, and for us given;
Son of man, like us below,
He, as Man, with men abiding
Dwells, the seed of life to sow:
He, our heavy griefs partaking,
Thus fulfils His life of woe.

Word made flesh! His word, life-giving,
Gives His flesh our meat to be,
Bids us drink His blood, believing
Through His death we life shall see:
Blessed they who thus receiving
Are from death and sin set free.

Low in adoration bending,
Now our hearts our God revere;
Faith her aid to sight is lending;
Though unseen, the Lord is near:
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our Paschal Lamb is here.

Praise for ever, thanks and blessing,
Thine, O gracious Father, be;
Praise be Thine, O Christ, who bringeth
Life and immortality;
Praise be Thine, Thou quickening Spirit,
Praise through all eternity!

Thomas Aquinas

The Passion of Our Lord.

The Crucifixion.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon **H**is head. And they spit upon **H**im, and took the reed, and smote **H**im on the head.

Matthew, xvi. 29, 30.

He is risen ; **H**e is not here : behold the place where they laid **H**im.

Mark, xvi. 6.



Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost. And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom.

Mark, xvi. 37, 38.

After the **L**ord had spoken unto them, **H**e was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of **G**od.

Mark, xvi. 19.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

*When they had platted a crown of thorns, they put
it upon His head*

MATTHEW, XXVII. 29



SACRED head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale Thou art with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

The Passion of our Lord.

Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O! show Thy Cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Paul Gerhard



A place called Gethsemane

MATTHEW. XXVI. 36



O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.



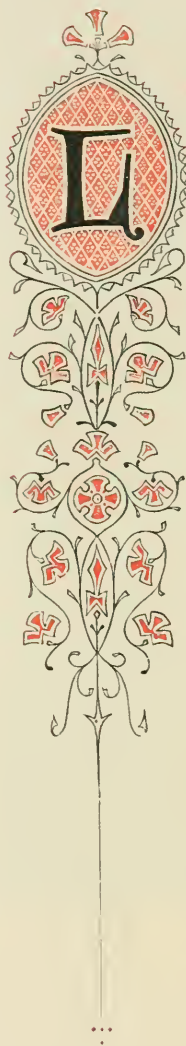
Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery.

The Passion of our Lord.

Whom they slew, and hanged on a tree.

ACTS, x. 39.



O! on the inglorious tree
The Lord, the Lord of glory hangs;
Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with pangs.

A shameful death He dies,
Uplifted with transgressors twain;
A Lamb for sacrifice,
By sinners slain.

Full is His cup of woe;
In death His drooping head declines;
“’Tis done!” He cries; and now
His soul resigns.

O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown of thorn
In deep and dread amaze
There look and mourn.

For thee He shed His blood;
Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim;
To that accursed wood
Thou hast nailed Him.

To Thee, the mighty Lord,
Who washed in blood our sins away,
Our boundless gratitude
Its thanks would pay.

Ancient Hymn

THE CRUCIFIXION



C. Truhy, Dover, New Hampshire, 1880

1880, 1881, 1882

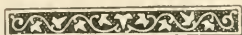
WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

1880, 1881, 1882



The Crucifixion.

Who beheld us in our low estate.

PSALM CXXXVI. 23.



PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

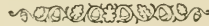
With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O! amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold!
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.



Behold, and see if there be any saviour like unto my saviour.

LAMENTATIONS, i. 12



SE the destined day arise;
See a willing sacrifice:
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

Jesus! who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

The Crucifixion.

Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns and nails and piercing spear?

Thence poured forth the water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good.

Amen



It is finished!

JOHN, xix. 30

ARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and Hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.



The Crucifixion.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All in earth and all in Heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's Name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Trans.



He was wounded for our transgressions.

ISAIAH, liii. 5



IS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died.
"Tis finished!" yes! the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

"Tis finished!"—all that was of old
Decreed, and prophets had foretold,
Is now fulfilled, as Heaven designed,
In Thee, the Saviour of mankind.

"Tis finished!"—this Thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this Thy last expiring breath.

"Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

"Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"Tis finished!"—let the echo fly
Through Heaven and Hell, through earth and sky.

Stennett.

THE RESURRECTION (AND ASCENSION)

The Lord is risen to-day.

LUKE. XXIV. 3.



ESUS Christ is risen to-day,	Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,	Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the Cross,	Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.	Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing,	Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King,	Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,	Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save;	Hallelujah!

But the pain which He endured,	Hallelujah!
Our salvation has procured:	Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,	Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing.	Hallelujah!

Sing we to our God above,	Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;	Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,	Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.	Hallelujah!

Anon
Last stanza by Charles Wesley.



The Resurrection and Ascension.

The firstfruits of them that slept.

I. CORINTHIANS XV. 20



CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

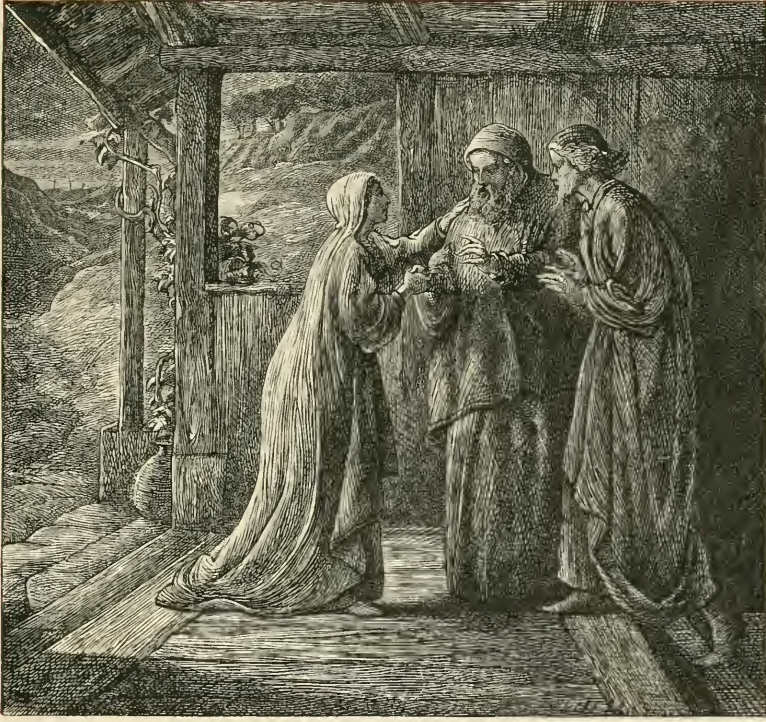
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perished all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

The Resurrection and Ascension.



Risen with Him, we upward move ;
Still we seek the things above ;
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on His Father's throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below ;
Heaven our aim and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God :

Hid, till Christ our Life appear
Glorious in His members here ;
Joined to Him we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

Hail the Lord of earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of Glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,—
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Charles Wesley.



Him God raised up the third day.

ACTS, x. 40



GAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
While broke beneath His powerful Cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring guilty man
A Brother's pity flows ;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give :
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live !

Anna Lætitia Barbauld



But now is Christ risen from the dead.

I. CORINTHIANS, XV. 20



CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day :
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Lo ! He rises, mighty King !
Where, O Death ! is now thy sting ?
Lo ! He claims His native sky !
Grave ! where is thy victory ?

The Resurrection and Ascension.

Sinners! see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made;
With your risen Saviour rise,
Claim your mansions in the skies.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise!

Anon



God hath highly exalted Him

PHILIPPIANS, II. 9

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

Down to the shades of death
He bowed His awful head;
Yet He arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For Hell itself shakes at His Name,
And all the Heavens adore.

There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays His vengeance by,
And smiles upon His Son.

There His full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless His saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

Isaac Watts.



The Resurrection and Ascension.

*Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts
He is the King of glory*

PSALM XXIV. 19.



God is gone up on high
With a triumphant noise ;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above :
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given :
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in Heaven.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

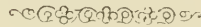
High on His holy seat
He bears the righteous sway ;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King

Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join.
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Charles Wesley



Glory be unto the Lamb for ever.

REVELATION, V. 13.



ALL. Thon once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thon didst suffer to release us,
Thon didst free salvation bring;
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of Heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.



Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Lowest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing th' amazing story
Of His dying love so great:
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crowned with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

John Bakewell.



Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?

PSALM lxxviii. 25.

JESU! behold, the wise from far,
Led to Thy cradle by a star,
Bring gifts to Thee, their God and King!
O guide us by Thy light, that we
The way may find, and still to Thee
Our hearts, our all, for tribute bring!

Jesu! the pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the Temple humbly came,
Duteous, the legal rites to pay!
O make our proud, our stubborn will
All Thy wise, gracious laws fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say!

The Resurrection and Ascension.

Jesu! who on the fatal wood
Pour'dst out Thy life's last drop of blood,
Nailed to the accursed shameful cross!
O may we bless Thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All shame, all grief, all pain, and loss!

Jesu! who, by Thine own love slain,
By Thine own power took'st life again,
And Conqueror from the grave didst rise
O may Thy death our souls revive,
And ev'n on earth a new life give,
A glorious life, that never dies!

Jesu! who to Thy Heaven again
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,
Of men and angels sovereign King!
O may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light,
And there for ever grateful sing!

All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity!
All honour, power, and love, and praise!
Still may Thy blessed Name shine bright
In beams of uncreated light,
Crowned with its own eternal rays!

Variation from John Austin. By John Wesley.



The trumpet of the jubile

LEVITICUS, XXV. 9



BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

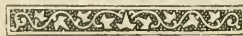
Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and Hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley



The Kingdom of Christ.
Heaven.

The everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
II. Peter, i. 11.

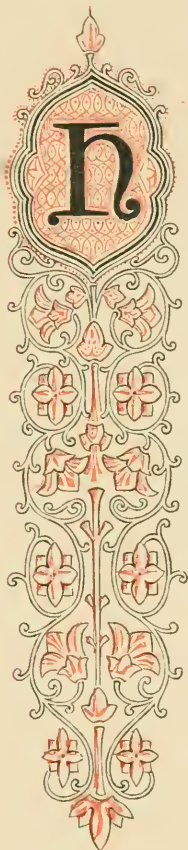
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.
Revelation, xii. 4.



And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.
Revelation, xiv. 2, 3.

Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.
Revelation, i. 7.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST



Hallelujah for the Lord God omnipotent

REVELATION II.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—'tis done :
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end : beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all !

James Montgomery.

The Kingdom of Christ.

And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

(ISAIAH, XXXV. 10.)



O! He comes! let all adore Him!
'Tis the God of grace and truth!
Go! prepare the way before Him,
Make the rugged places smooth!
Lo! He comes, the mighty Lord!
Great His work and His reward.

Let the valleys all be raised;
Go, and make the crooked straight;
Let the mountains be abased;
Let all nature change its state;
Through the desert mark a road,
Make a highway for our God.

Through the desert God is going,
Through the desert waste and wild,
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled;
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.

Where the thorn and briar flourished,
Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord and nourished,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too;
They shall rise on every side,
They shall spread their branches wide.

From the hills and lofty mountains
Rivers shall be seen to flow,
There the Lord will open fountains,
Thence supply the plains below;
As He passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful hand.

Thomas Kelly.



O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people.

PSALM cxvii 1

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts

The Kingdom of Christ.



Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, Rejoice.

PHILIPPIANS. iv 4.

REJOICE the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven ;
The keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

The Kingdom of Christ.

Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

Charles Wesley



The Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven

MATTHEW, xxiv. 30

THE Lord of Might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder,
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder;
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet sound, and angel song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er Death and Hell defeated.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

The Kingdom of Christ.

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.

ISAIAH, xl. 11



That book so old and holy
I would read, and read again,
How our Lord was once so lowly,
Yet without a spot or stain.

How the little children found Him ;
How He loved them and caressed ;
How He called them all around Him,—
Took them to His loving breast.

How His pity, never failing,
On the sick was sure to flow ;
How the poor, the blind, the ailing,
Were His brethren here below.

How when each poor wanderer sought Him,
Guilty, helpless, sorrowing sore,
He received, and helped, and taught him,
Bade him go and sin no more.

With rejoicing hearts and grateful,
Let us read, and still read on,
How He was so true and faithful,
How He loved us every one.

How, good Shepherd! He did cherish
All the flock He came to save,
Watching that not one might perish
Of the lambs His Father gave.

Let us gladly kneel, and often,
Round His feet who loved us best,
Then each stubborn heart He'll soften,
And in Him shall all be blessed.

Dr. Dulcken.

The Kingdom of Christ.

Let the whole earth be filled with His glory.

PSALM lxxii. 19.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber

The Kingdom of Christ.

*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins,
be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*

REVELATION, i. 5, 6.



LET us raise our voices
To God, the King of kings,
Our loud hosannas singing,
Till all the welkin rings ;
Let the earth rejoice aloud,
The sea send forth its song ;
Let the loud winds sigh and sing
The forest trees among.

Rejoice! rejoice, ye heavens !
Your gay attire put on ;
Sun, and moon, and thousand stars,
With all your beauty shown :
Let all things with life rejoice,
All tears be wiped away ;
We'll raise our shouts of gladness,
And joyful music play.

For God, the Lord of Heaven,
With all His hosts around,
Is coming in His glory !
O hear the gladsome sound !
He comes to strike the dark foe,
To rescue with His might
All those He loves, from darkness
To joy and endless light.

There in His glory seated,
Our gracious Lord doth dwell ;
There myriads of angels
The glad hosannas swell :
There radiant beams of glory
Shall ever ceaseless shine.
And flood each heart with gladness,
In God's own love divine.

Anon

HEAVEN



The Lord shewed him all the land

DEUTERONOMY, XXXIV., 1

HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts

Heaven.



The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

EPHESIANS, iii. 19.

HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at His feet.

Ah, Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

John Berridge.



Whence came they?

REVELATION, vii. 13.



HAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

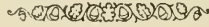


These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Heaven.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown;
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery.



Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.

HEBREWS, xi. 16.



SWEET place, sweet place alone!
The court of God most High,
The Heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!
The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest:
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Earth's but a sorry tent
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Heaven.

There should temptations cease ;
My frailties there should end ;
There should I rest in peace
In the arms of my best Friend.
Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
With pearls are garnishèd ;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread ;
No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night ;
O no! these needless are ;
The Lamb's the city's Light :
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give :
The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold :
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Heaven.

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned
Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like this on high!
Thither, Lord, guide my way!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Samuel Crossman



The great city, the holy Jerusalem.

REVELATION, XXI. 10

ERUSALEM, my happy home!

When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
There is no death, nor ugly dole,
But life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light.

Heaven.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be!

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square.
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold:
—O God, that I were there!

Ah! my sweet home, Jerusalem.
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Heaven.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The Flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The Wood of Life doth grow.

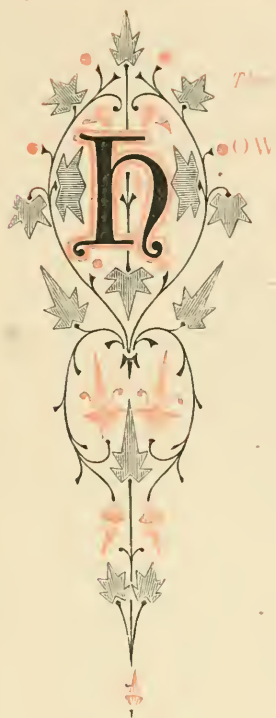
There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Anon. F. B. P



Heaven.



These are they which sat with us in our sufferings

L. VALLANCE, VOL. II.

Now bright these glorious spirits shine :
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light ;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.'

L. VALLANCE, VOL. II.

Heaven.

These are they which came out of great tribulation.

REVELATION, vii. 14.



GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to Heaven.

Isaac Watts.



Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

PSALM lxxvii. 3.



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Heaven.



See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Heaven.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton



*There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain.*

REVELATION, xxi. 4.



11. world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:

The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian!
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;

Heaven.

To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,

Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,—
An endless Sabbath-day.

The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.

* * * *



life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

Heaven.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope :

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

Yes! God, my King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

* * * *



OR thee, O dear dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

Heaven.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

* * * *

Heaven.



ERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

St. Bernard.

Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.



APPENDIX

The gift of God is eternal life.

ROMANS, vi. 23.



ETERNITY, eternity,

How long art thou, eternity!
Yet hasteth on toward thee our life,
E'en as the war steed to the strife,
The messenger toward home, doth go,
Or ship to shore, or bolt from bow.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
As in a globe, so smooth and round,
Beginning ne'er and end are found,
Eternity, not more can we
Beginning find, or end, in thee.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Thou art a ring of awful mould,
"For ever" is thy centre called,
And "Never" thy circumference wide,
For unto thee no end can tide.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
And if a little bird bore forth
One single sand-corn from the earth,
And took in thousand years but one,
Ere thou wert past, the world were gone.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity
In thee, if every thousandth year,
An eye should drop one little tear,
To hold the water thence would grow
Nor heaven nor earth were wide enow.

Appendix.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
The sand and water in the sea
But portions of thy whole can be;
No reck'ning long can e'er suffice
To give the measure of thy size.

Eternity, eternity,
How long art thou, eternity!
Hear, man! So long as God shall reign,
So long continue Hell and pain;
So long last Heaven and joy also.—
O, lengthened joy! O, lengthened woe!

From an old German Hymn.

Translated by Dr. Dulcken.

Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

HEBREWS, xiii. 14.



RRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Appendix.

Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.



Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

PSALM cxlix. 2.

PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

Let all who adore Jehovah, our Lord,
With heart and with tongue His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure His saints to reward
And with His salvation the humble to bless.

With glory adorned His people shall sing
To God, who their heads with safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph His favour shall bring;
O therefore, for ever, all praise to Him yield.

Late and Brady.



The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

PSALM xxiii. 1.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

Appendix.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison.



Fight the good fight of faith.

1. TIMOTHY, vi. 12.

UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Appendix.

Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Fragment by Henry Kirke White.

Completed by Fanny Fuller Maitland.



*He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves
thereof are still.*

PSALM cvii. 29.



TERNAL Father, strong to save!

Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

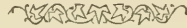
O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Appendix.

Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour:
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Anon.



Unto Him that loved us be glory for ever.

REVELATION, i. 5, 6.

FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.

Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.



Appendix.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb.
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Charles Wesley.



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.

PSALM cxlv. 10.



THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky - Alleluia!

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessèd ones, with joy the chorus swell, Alleluia!
The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say, Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and Summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in Spring,
And glorious forests, sing, Alleluia!

Appendix.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say, Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous, Alleluia!
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia!
Ye tracks of earth and continents, reply, Alleluia!

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves: Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves: Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.





	<i>Page</i>
Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.	131
Accept, my God, my evening song. <i>Variation from I. WATTS. By SIMON BROWNE.</i>	126
According to Thy gracious word. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	188
Again the Lord of Life and Light. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.	208
All praise to Him who dwells in bliss. CHARLES WESLEY.	140
And can it be, that I should gain. CHARLES WESLEY.	68
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat. JOHN NEWTON.	20
Awake, my soul, and with the sun. BISHOP THOMAS KEN.	118
Before Jehovah's awful throne. ISAAC WATTS.	2
Behold, the sun, that seemed but now. GEORGE WITHER.	125
Behold the throne of grace. JOHN NEWTON.	25
Bless, O Lord, the opening year. JOHN NEWTON.	158
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord. JOHN AUSTIN.	66
Blow ye the trumpet, blow ! CHARLES WESLEY.	215
Bread of the world in mercy broken. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.	192
Brief life is here our portion. ST. BERNARD. <i>Translated by DR. J. M. NEALE.</i>	237
Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown. H. HART MILMAN.	164
Christ, my hidden life, appear. CHARLES WESLEY.	91
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. CHARLES WESLEY.	203
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. ANON.	209
Christ, whose glory fills the skies. CHARLES WESLEY.	117
Come, all harmonious tongues. ISAAC WATTS.	210
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. CHARLES WESLEY.	181
Come, O come ! in pious lays. GEORGE WITHER.	3
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare. JOHN NEWTON.	24
Come, we that love the Lord. ISAAC WATTS.	101
Commit thou all thy griefs. JOHN WESLEY. <i>From PAUL GERHARDT.</i>	105
Communion of my Saviour's blood. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	191
Do not I love Thee, O my Lord ? PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	84
Ere another Sabbath's close. ANON.	43
Eternal Father, strong to save ! ANON.	245
Eternal Source of every joy. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	150
Eternity, eternity. <i>From an old German Hymn. Translated by DR. HENRY W. DULCKEN.</i>	241
Fain would my thoughts fly up to Thee. JOHN AUSTIN.	75
Faith ! 'tis a precious grace. BENJAMIN BEDDOME.	51
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee. WILLIAM COWPER.	102
Father, when we bend the knee. ANON.	25
Pierce passions discompose the mind. WILLIAM COWPER.	80
For ever with the Lord ! JAMES MONTGOMERY.	110
For thee, O dear dear country. ST. BERNARD. <i>Translated by DR. J. M. NEALE.</i>	238
For Thy mercy and Thy grace. HENRY DOWNTON.	157
Fountain of mercy ! God of love ! ANNE FLOWERDEW.	144
Friend after friend departs. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	242
From all that dwell below the skies. ISAAC WATTS.	219
From Egypt's bondage come. THOMAS KELLY.	78
From Greenland's icy mountains. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.	223

Index.

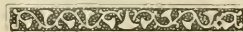
	Page
Give me the wings of faith to rise. ISAAC WATTS.	234
Glorious things of thee are spoken. JOHN NEWTON.	234
Glory to Thee, my God, this night. BISHOP THOMAS KEN.	123
God is gone up on high. CHARLES WESLEY.	211
God moves in a mysterious way. WILLIAM COWPER.	12
God of that glorious gift of grace. JOHN S. B. MONSELL.	184
God of the morning, at whose voice. ISAAC WATTS.	114
God that madest earth and Heaven. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.	137
Go to dark Gethsemane. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	198
Go up, go up, my heart. HORATIUS BONAR.	77
Great God, as seasons disappear. ANON.	148
Great God, we sing that mighty hand. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	153
Great God, what do I see and hear? MARTIN LUTHER.	172
Hail, morning known among the blest! BISHOP WARDLAW.	33
Hail, thou once despised Jesus! JOHN BAKEWELL.	212
Hallelujah! song of gladness. <i>Thirteenth Century.</i>	71
Happy the home when God is there. ANON.	21
Hark, my soul, how everything. JOHN AUSTIN.	8
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord. WILLIAM COWPER.	63
Hark! the herald angels sing. CHARLES WESLEY.	174
Hark! the song of Jubilee. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	217
Hark! the voice of love and mercy. EVANS.	203
Harp, awake! tell out the story. HENRY DOWNTON.	154
Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father. HARRIETT PARR.	132
Heavenly Father, may Thy love. GUEST.	186
Here behold me, as I cast me. <i>Translated by</i> CATHERINE WINKWORTH.	60
How blest the righteous when he dies. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.	159
How bright these glorious spirits shine. WILLIAM CAMERON.	233
How rich are Thy provisions, Lord! ISAAC WATTS.	189
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds. JOHN NEWTON.	85
How swift the torrent rolls. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	161
How vast the treasure we possess! ISAAC WATTS.	104
I sing th' almighty power of God. ISAAC WATTS.	7
Interval of grateful shade. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	133
In that book so old and holy. DR. HENRY W. DULCKEN.	222
In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling. THOMAS KELLY.	44
It is the Sabbath morning now. ANON.	39
Jerusalem, my happy home. ANON. F. B. P.	230
Jerusalem the golden. ST. BERNARD. <i>Translated by</i> DR. J. M. NEALE.	240
Jesu! behold, the wise from far. <i>Variation from</i> JOHN AUSTIN. <i>By</i> J. WESLEY.	214
Jesu, my strength, my hope. CHARLES WESLEY.	57
Jesus, cast a look on me. JOHN BERRIDGE.	28
Jesus Christ is risen to-day. Hallelujah! ANON. <i>Last stanza by</i> CHARLES WESLEY.	205
Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone. JOHN CENNICK.	86
Jesus, the very thought of Thee. ST. BERNARD.	96
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts! RAY PALMER. <i>From</i> ST. BERNARD.	187
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me. PAUL GERHARD.	90
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet. WILLIAM COWPER.	48
Joy is a fruit that will not grow. JOHN NEWTON.	100
Joy to the world! the Lord is come. ISAAC WATTS.	177
Just as I am—without one plea. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.	53
Let all the world in every corner sing. GEORGE HERBERT.	16
Let me be with Thee where Thou art. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.	72
Lo! God is here! Let us adore. JOHN WESLEY. <i>From</i> GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.	49
Lo! He comes! let all adore Him! THOMAS KELLY.	218
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending! THOMAS OLIVERS.	168
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending! <i>Variation by</i> MARTIN MADAN. <i>From</i> CHARLES WESLEY and JOHN CENNICK.	171
Lo! on the inglorious tree. <i>Ancient Hymn.</i>	200

Index

	Page
Lord, from my bed again I rise. BARTHOLOMEW.	128
Lord, have mercy when we pray. HENRY HART MILMAN.	12
Lord, in the day Thou art about. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY. <i>From</i> JOHN MASON.	93
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear. ISAAC WATTS.	122
Lord of the harvest ! once again. JOSEPH ANSTICE.	146
Lord of the harvest ! Thee we hail ! JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.	151
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	41
Lord, when I lift my voice to Thee. WILLIAM HELEY BATHURST.	30
Love divine, all love excelling. CHARLES WESLEY.	94
Much in sorrow, oft in woe. <i>Fragment by</i> HENRY KIRKE WHITE. <i>Completed by</i> FANNY FULLER MAITLAND.	244
Must friends and kindred droop and die ? ISAAC WATTS.	164
My God and Father, while I stray. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.	66
My God, and is Thy table spread ? PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	194
My God, now I from sleep awake. BISHOP THOMAS KEN.	137
My God, the spring of all my joys. ISAAC WATTS.	99
My Lord, my love was crucified. JOHN MASON.	46
My thoughts surmount these lower skies. ISAAC WATTS.	80
Nearer, my God, to Thee. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.	109
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal. JOHN NEWTON.	156
Now I have found the ground wherein. JOHN WESLEY. <i>From</i> ZINZENDORF.	64
Now it belongs not to my care. RICHARD BAXTER.	60
Now let our mourning hearts revivè. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	160
Object of my first desire. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.	95
O day most calm, most bright ! GEORGE HERBERT.	36
O Father, Thou who hast created all. ANON.	184
O for a closer walk with God ! WILLIAM COWPER.	83
O for a thousand tongues to sing. CHARLES WESLEY.	246
Of Thy love some gracious token. THOMAS KELLY.	50
O God of mercy, God of might. JOHN KEBLE.	23
O God ! Thou knowest all our wants. ANON.	15
O God, we thank Thee for the love. ANON.	120
O happy saints, who dwell in light. JOHN BERRIDGE.	226
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.	62
O how blest the congregation. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.	38
O Israel, blest beyond compare ! PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	100
O let us raise our voices. ANON.	224
O Lord, another day is flown. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.	20
O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice. TATE and BRADY.	213
O sacred head, once wounded. PAUL GERHARD.	197
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend ! CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.	58
O Thou to whom, in ancient time. PIERPOINT.	45
O timely happy, timely wise. JOHN KEBLE.	116
O where shall rest be found. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	76
O worship the King. SIR ROBERT GRANT.	14
On silent wings, an angel. DR. HENRY W. DULCKEN.	108
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair. ISAAC WATTS.	202
Praise, O praise our God and King. SIR HENRY BAKER.	147
Praise the Lord, His glories show. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.	13
Praise to God, immortal praise. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.	143
Prayer is not heard through noisy sound. ANON.	31
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	17
Rejoice, the Lord is King ! CHARLES WESLEY.	220
Rejoice, though storms assail thee. ANON.	112
Rock of Ages, cleft for me. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.	70
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing. JAMES EDMESTON.	136
Saviour, when in dust to Thee. SIR ROBERT GRANT.	22
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding. ANON.	182

Index.

	Page
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	182
See the destined day arise. ANON.	202
Since Thon hast added now, O God. GEORGE WITHER.	113
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory. THOMAS AQUINAS.	196
Sitting around our Father's board. ISAAC WATTS.	193
Sometimes a light surprises. WILLIAM COWPER.	98
Songs of praise the angels sang! ANON.	180
Sovereign Ruler of the skies. JOHN RYLAND.	88
Stand up and bless the Lord. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	45
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear. JOHN KEBLE.	129
Sweet place, sweet place alone! SAMUEL CROSSMAN.	228
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing. BATTY.	190
The child leans on its mother's breast. ISAAC WILLIAMS.	96
The day of rest once more comes round. THOMAS KELLY.	42
The festal morn, my God, is come. JAMES MERRICK.	35
The great redeeming Angel, Thee. CHARLES WESLEY.	185
The Lord my pasture shall prepare. JOSEPH ADDISON.	243
The Lord of Might from Sinai's brow. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.	221
The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.	167
The race that long in darkness pined. JOHN MORRISON.	176
There is a calm for those who weep. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	163
There is a dwelling-place above. BISHOP RICHARD MANT.	92
There is a fountain filled with blood. WILLIAM COWPER.	52
There is a land of pure delight. ISAAC WATTS.	225
There is a pure and tranquil wave. WILLIAM BALL.	72
The scene around me disappears. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	179
The spacious firmament on high. JOSEPH ADDISON.	1
The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia! REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.	247
The sun has sunk beneath the wave. ANON.	141
The world is very evil. ST. BERNARD. <i>Translated by</i> DR. J. M. NEALE.	236
This night I lift my heart to Thee. BARTHOLOMEW.	141
Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee. BISHOP REG. HEBER.	162
Thou God of Love! beneath Thy sheltering wings. ANON.	166
Thou who art enthroned above. SANDYS.	42
Through the day Thy love hath spared us. THOMAS KELLY.	139
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess. THOMAS GIBBONS.	6
" 'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried. STENNETT.	204
To God, ye choir above, begin. PHILIP SKELTON.	9
To Thy temple I repair. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	34
Vital spark of heavenly flame. ALEXANDER POPE.	166
Weary now I go to bed. DR. HENRY W. DULCKEN.	128
We'll sing, in spite of scorn. THOMAS KELLY.	178
We've no abiding city here. THOMAS KELLY.	82
We would come before Thy throne. ANON.	32
What are these in bright array. JAMES MONTGOMERY.	226
What various hindrances we meet. WILLIAM COWPER.	27
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.	29
When I can read my title clear. ISAAC WATTS.	74
When I survey life's varied scene. ANNE STEELE.	68
When I survey the wondrous Cross. ISAAC WATTS.	201
When languor and disease invade. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.	54
When, marshalled on the mighty plain. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.	173
While with ceaseless course the sun. JOHN NEWTON.	156
Who can, on the sea shore. DR. HENRY W. DULCKEN.	11
Who would not leave this world below. ANON.	77
With all the powers my poor soul hath. RICHARD CRASHAW.	193
Ye sons of men, with joy record. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.	5



U.S. LIBRARY
X- 47512



D 000 309 384 6



